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CHRISTMAS FROLICS AND OTHER STORIES

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SANTA CLAUS TAKES A PEEP AT THE CHILDREN'S PARTY.

CHRISTMAS FROLICS

AND OTHER POEMS AND STORIES

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS

McLOUGHLIN BROTHERS
NEW YORK

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CHRISTMAS FROLICS.

NICHOLAS, good saint, jolly Saint
Nicholas,
Not to remember you, dear, were
ridiculous;
You who have busily labored to
tickle us.

Santa Claus, tenderly nicknamed Santa Claus,
'Tis in your honor, we name, for no scanty cause,
Jollities papa and mamma and aunty cause!

Hurrying, glad to your green tree hurrying,
Just like a lot full of lambkins scurrying,
Jolly old saint, we can run without worrying.

Merrily tripping it, oh, how merrily!
Round and around we'll dance, and verily
Pity it were to lag or go wearily.

Jollity, genuine twitting jollity,
Flourishes best about cedar and holly tree,
Both bearing fruit of the very same quality.

Rollicking, every one noisily
rollicking,
Little ones, big ones, all go
frolicking;
Where's the "lord of misrule"
for our jolly king?

Pattering, little feet daint-
ily pattering,
Big feet following, ram-
bling, scattering,
This is the figure we dance
in our latter ring.

Round again!
revellers, just
one round
again,
Trip, skip, lim-
ber toes, stiff
toes, bound
again!
At your next
holly tree we
will be found
again.

GEO. S. BURLEIGH

WILLIE'S SANTA CLAUS.

One Christmas eve Willie McAllister got very sleepy toward bed-time; but he told his mother that he did not want to go to bed until he had seen her hang up his stockings for Santa Claus to fill.

"Very well, Willie, we will fix them now," she said. She drove two nails under the mantel-piece in the nursery and hung Willie's little stockings on them.

"But, mamma," said Willie, "Santa Claus can't get out through the register, and he must come down the chimney!"

"Never mind, Willie," laughed his mother, "I am very sure Santa will find a way to get in."

But Willie was not satisfied, and after his mother had gone downstairs he got out of bed. He seated himself upon the broad sill of the nursery window, so that Santa Claus would see him, and not forget to come in and put something in his stockings.

Very soon Willie's little eyes closed, and when his mother came up to bed she found him perched upon the window fast asleep, and carried him back to bed.

The next morning Willie's stockings were full of good things; and, besides, there was a brand-new sled, a pair of skates, and other useful toys on the floor under them.

When Willie saw them he clapped his hands and was very happy indeed. Then he looked very wise and said to his mother: —

"Mamma, I don't believe Santa Claus would have come in if he hadn't seen me at the window. I think all little children that live in register houses ought to let him know it."

G. KETTLEWELL.

NINE LITTLE SPARROWS.

NINE wee coats of dun and gray;
Nine small birds that, come what may,
Such dear little saints, so sober, so sad,
Surely they could not, no, never, be bad!

NINE LITTLE SPARROWS.

Quaint little Quakers all, steady and trim,
Withdrawn from the world of folly and sin.
With pure thoughts of love and a heavenly mind,
With peace and good-will to all the bird-kind.

But look again now, and oh, what is this?
A dissolving view gone was that picture of bliss.
Those sad little birds of a moment ago,
Those solemn wee saints that were all in a row,

Are all engaged now in a terrible fight
With bill and with claw and with no thought of right.
And nine shrill cries rend the still, still air,
And nine little birds "don't care what is fair."

They prove, now, alas! they're birds of a feather.
These nine little birds that flocked there together,
Are nine small sparrows of lowest degree—
They were making believe they were good; ah, me!

IRENE E. JEROME.

FRITZ.

H, Fritzie, Fritzie, how sorry I am that you should ever have learned to hold a pipe in your mouth! But then you are only a dog, and mamma would say that dogs do not know any better.

"But suppose you should really learn to smoke and use tobacco, and no one should teach you better, do you know what would happen? Why, you would soon get to be nervous and fidgety, and bark at every one who comes to see mamma and me. Perhaps some day you would bite Jennie Pierce when she comes over here; then what should I do?

"Now, if you were a boy, I could make you understand just how bad it is, even to hold a pipe in your mouth. Since you are a dog, I suppose you cannot understand one word I say.

"I heard mamma tell Georgie last week that boys often learn to smoke by at first making believe do it, just as you are doing now. After a time they are not satisfied with an empty pipe, but want something in it to make real smoke. So if they have a few pennies they buy tobacco, and begin the terrible habit of smoking that is so hard to leave off.

"And then she said, 'Georgie Barlow, if I ever know of your even pretending to smoke I shall punish you.' And I can tell you, Mr. Fritzie Dog, if I catch you with a pipe in your mouth again I'll punish you. If it makes boys better to be punished, perhaps it will dogs. At any rate, I shall not play with you one bit to-day."

While Alice Barlow had been away for a visit some naughty boys had taught her pet dog Fritz to pick up and hold a pipe in his mouth. The first morning she was at home he seemed to think he must show her what he had learned. This is why Alice talked to her little dog so severely.

The next day, when she was at the Kindergarten, these same naughty boys coaxed Fritz out of the yard and tried to teach him to

use tobacco in the pipe. When Alice came home in the afternoon she found him very sick. He was soon put to bed and given some bitter medicine. You can see in the picture how he looked.

Alice felt very sorry; but mamma said she thought the sickness and medicine would cure him of ever touching tobacco again. Sure enough it did.

Now, if any one ever shows Fritz a pipe he growls and barks, as much as to say, "Take it away. I'll have nothing to do with pipes or tobacco if I am nothing but a dog."

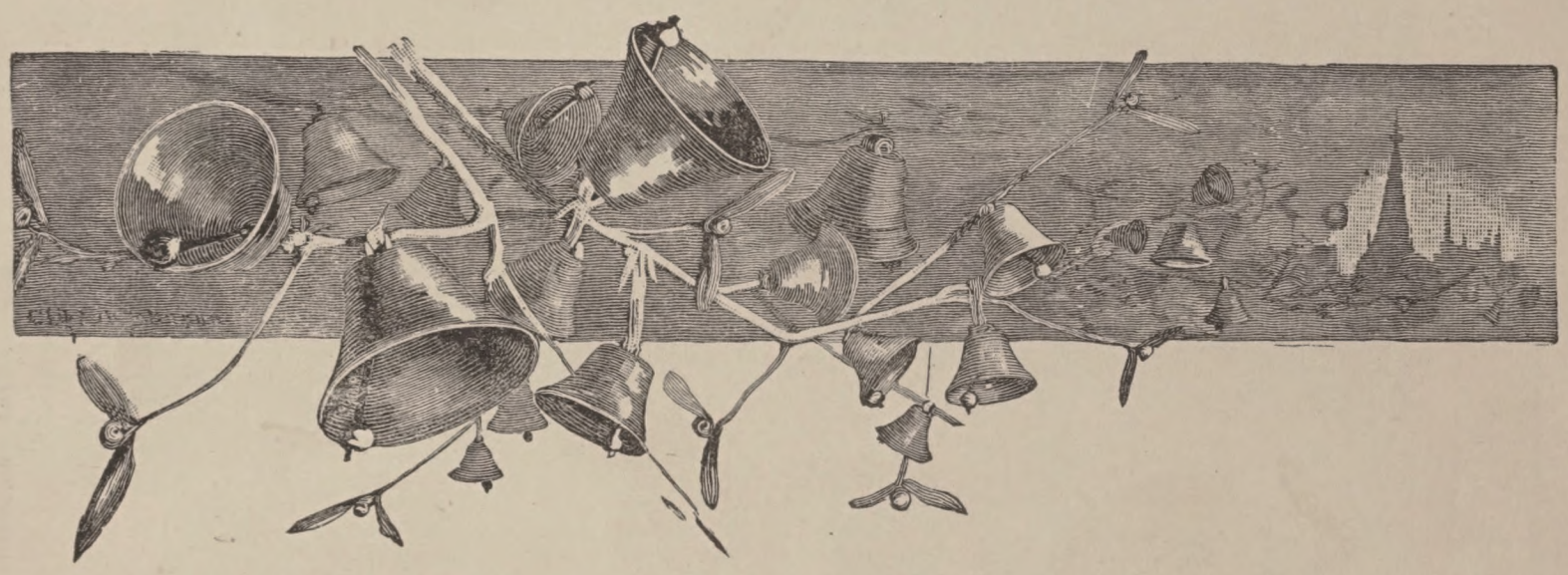
MARY LOUISA BUTLER.

Now, little children, listen well
To the wondrous story I shall tell,
That happened once upon a time
Before bells rang the Christmas chime.
Ever so many years ago,
In pleasant lands where fell no snow,
And winter winds blew soft and warm,
A beautiful baby boy was born.
His father Joseph and other men
Had brought their wives to Bethlehem
To pay the money Cæsar said
Was owed him by each Jewish head.
So many people came that day
There was not room for all to stay,
And Joseph was glad to find a bed
For Mary in the stable-shed.

Outside, upon the rocky hill,
Sat grave old shepherds watching still
Their flocks of sheep, that crouched around
With bleatings soft upon the ground.

THE BIRTH OF THE CHRIST-CHILD.

The tall deep sky was black as jet,
And the silver moon about to set,
When sparkling with a radiance bright
The Star of the East shone on the night,
And an angel fair with shining wing
Cried, "Tidings of great joy we bring!
For unto you this day is born
A Saviour, Christ, the Lord." Forlorn
And sore afraid, the shepherds heard
The angel tell his glorious word;
While heavenly music from the sky
Was lifted up to God on high,

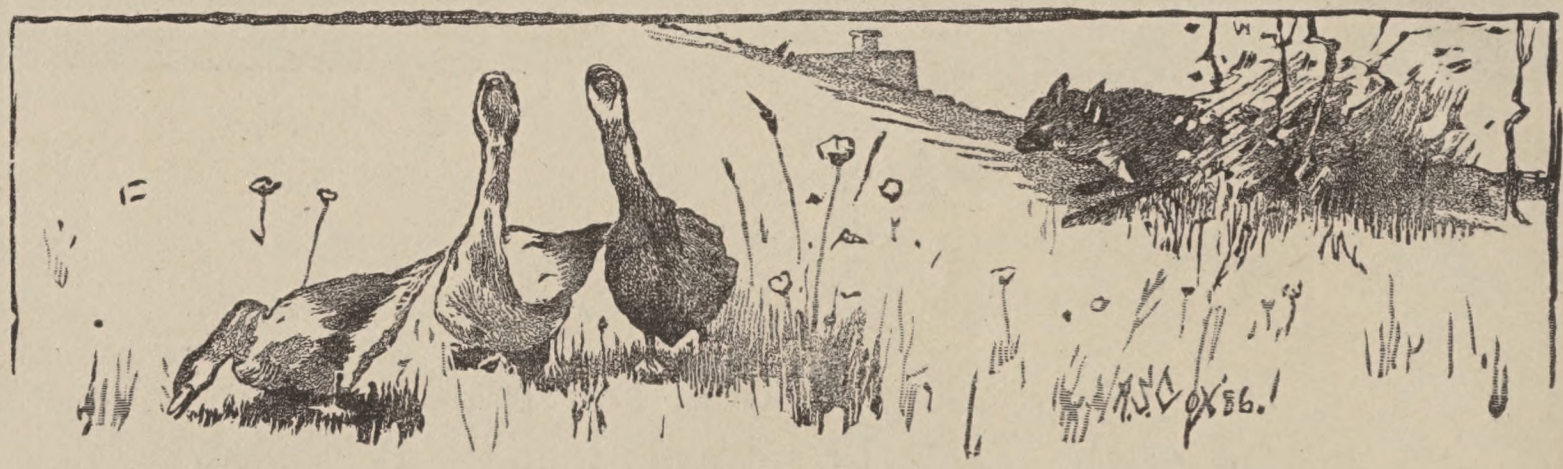


Of "Glory, glory to God, and peace
On earth, good-will towards men." It ceased.
And the trembling shepherds rose and went
To see the gift that God had sent
To earth of his dear Son. There lay
The Babe upon the fragrant hay.
His fine and silky chestnut hair
Waved round a face so wondrous fair,
It beamed with rapturous glory bright,
And filled the dingy place with light.
His baby eyes so calm and sweet
Gazed on the wise men at his feet,
Who, guided by the glowing star,
Had come from distant lands afar

To see the Virgin Mary mild
And offer worship to the Child.
They brought rich gifts of myrrh and gold,
Sweet frankincense and spices old.

And ever since upon the earth
We celebrate our Saviour's birth,
Who came as a blessed Babe that day,
To live for us and teach the way
To heaven, filled with mansions fair,
And robes and crowns for us to wear,
If we will only love each other,
And choose him for our Elder Brother.

GRACE W. HAIGHT.



WHAT SANTA CLAUS BROUGHT TO EDITH.

LITTLE two-year-old Edith had dolls without number, and of every kind you could imagine. Yet just as Christmas was coming on, she thought she should like just one more.

"But what kind of one do you want, darling?" her mamma asked. "You have big ones and little ones, and black ones and white ones; I don't know of any new sort."

It was a dull December day, the day before Christmas, but very long and dreary in spite of that. Edith, tired of play, was sitting in

her little rocker before the fire, when mamma's question set her thinking.

I am pretty sure myself that just then dolls were unsatisfactory things. After looking gravely at the half-dozen that surrounded her, she said, —

"Couldn't 'ou get me a doll that would love me? I love these dollies, but they don't love me back. I play with them, and they don't play with me. I want a doll that can do things."

"That would be a very wonderful sort of doll," mamma replied

She did not laugh, for she knew that her little girl was really very lonesome that dark day. In any kind of day it was a little hard to be the only small child in that big hotel. "A very nice kind of doll, I should say; but we shall certainly ask Santa Claus about it."

Now Edith knew that mamma always kept her promises. And even this half promise satisfied her. That night she said to papa quite confidently, —

"I got to get to bed early to-night, 'cause Santa Claus is going to bring me a very nice kind of doll to-morrow."

Papa did laugh as he kissed her, but Edith was quite sure about it. Really and truly the dear little girl's faith was rewarded. When she woke up in the morning, before she had caught a glimpse of her bulgy stocking, she saw grandmamma standing beside her with a large bundle of soft muslin and flannel. Inside of the bundle was a real live doll — better than all the other dolls, for it was a little sister. Ever since that Edith has had what she wanted; she watches over the cradle, and has some one to play with and love her back.

HESTER VICKERY BROWN.

AFTER CHRISTMAS.

The tree that had served in the parlor,
The pride of the girls and the boys.
Festooned all over with pop-corn,
And hung with candies and toys,
With its gifts taken off from the branches,
Was being removed the next day,
While every child in the household
Was watching its journey away.

Then Lilian said to the others,
As they met by the door of the hall,
"Let us carry it down to the garden,
And stand it up there by the wall;
And then we can play when we want to
That Christmas is coming again."
"Oh, yes, let us do so!" said Lucy;
"All right!" echoed Charley and Ben.

With chorus of shouting and laughter,
The tree to the garden they drew,
And placing it straight in a corner,
They festooned the pop-corn anew.
A telephone must have been near them
That understood what they had planned,
For the news of what they were doing
Spread quickly abroad in the land.

And soon from the west came a sparrow,
And another soon came from the east,
While flocks from the northward and southward
Arrived to claim shares of the feast;

AFTER CHRISTMAS.

And chickadees came from the thickets
In sprightliest holiday mood,
With pigeons from neighboring farmyards, —
And how they all chattered and cooed!

AFTER CHRISTMAS.

"Oh, now for some fun!" said the children,
Delighted their coming to see;
"We'll fix up a lot of nice presents
And hang for them round on the tree!"
Then packing their bundles of titbits,
With merriest clamor of words,
They played Christmas over and over,
In ways that just suited the birds.

M. E. N. HATHEWAY.

THE FAIR ONE WITH GOLDEN LOCKS.

THERE was once a princess who had such a beautiful head of hair, streaming down in curls to her feet, and brilliant as a sunbeam, that she was universally called the Fair One with Golden Locks. A neighboring king, having heard a great deal of her beauty, fell in love with her upon hearsay, and sent an ambassador with a magnificent suite to ask her in marriage, bidding him be sure not to fail to bring the princess home with him.

The ambassador did his best to fulfil the king's commands, and made as fair a speech as he could to persuade the lady; but either she was not in a good temper that day, or his eloquence failed to move her, for she answered that she thanked the king, but had no mind to marry.

THE FAIR ONE WITH GOLDEN LOCKS.

So the ambassador returned home with all the presents he had brought, as the princess would not accept anything of a suitor whom she refused, much to the grief of the king, who had made the most splendid preparations to receive her, never doubting that she would come.

Now there happened to be at court a very handsome young man, named Avenant, who observed that had he been sent to the Fair One with Golden Locks, he would certainly have persuaded her to come; whereupon some ill-natured persons, who were jealous of the favor he enjoyed, repeated his words to the king, as though he had meant to boast that, being handsomer than his majesty, the princess

would certainly have followed him. This threw the king into such a rage, that he ordered poor Avenant to be thrown into a dungeon, where he had nothing but straw to lie upon, and where he would

AVENANT DECLARES HIS INNOCENCE TO THE KING.

have died of exhaustion had it not been for a little spring that welled forth at the foot of the tower in which he was confined. One day, when he felt as if he were near his end, he could not help exclaiming: "What have I done? and what can have hardened the king's heart against the most faithful of all his subjects?" It chanced that the

king passed by just as he uttered these words, and, being melted by his former favorite's grief, he ordered the prison door to be opened, and bid him come forth.

Avenant fell at his feet, entreating to know the cause of his disgrace. "Did you not make game both of myself and my ambassador?" said the king; "and did you not boast, that had I sent you to the Fair One with Golden Locks, you would have prevailed on her to return with you?"

"True, Sire," replied Avenant; "for I should have set forth all your great qualities so irresistibly, that I am certain she could not have said nay. I think there is no treason in that."

The king was so convinced of his innocence, that he straightway released Avenant from prison and brought him back to the palace. After having given him a good supper, the king took him into his cabinet, and confessed to him that he was still so in love with the Fair One with Golden Locks, that he had a great mind to send him to obtain her hand, and meant to prepare a splendid equipage befitting the ambassador of a great nation. But Avenant said: "That is not necessary. Only give me a good horse and the necessary credentials, and I will set off to-morrow."

On the following morning Avenant left the court, and set out alone on his journey, thinking as he went of all the fine things he should say to the princess, and stopping ever and anon, when any pretty conceit came into his head, to jot it down on his tablets. One day as he halted for this purpose in a lovely meadow by the side of a rivulet, he perceived a large golden carp that lay gasping upon the grass, having jumped so high to snap at the flies, that she had overreached herself, and was unable to get back into the water.

Avenant took pity on her, and gently lifting her up, restored her to her native element. The carp took a plunge to refresh herself, then reappearing on the surface she said: "Thanks, Avenant, for having saved my life. I will do you a good turn if ever I can." So saying she dived back into water, leaving Avenant greatly surprised at her civility.

Another time, he saw a crow closely pursued by a large eagle, when, thinking it would be a shame not to defend the weak against the

strong, he let fly an arrow that brought the cruel bird of prey to the ground, while the crow perched upon a tree in great delight, crying, "It was very generous of you, Avenant, to help a poor crow like me. But I will prove grateful, and do you a good turn whenever I can."

THE CARP ADDRESSES AVENANT.

Avenant was pleased with the crow's good feelings and continued his journey; when, some days after, as he crossed a thick wood, he heard an owl hooting, as if in great distress. After looking about him on all sides, Avenant found the poor owl had got entangled in a net. He soon cut the meshes and set him free. The owl soared aloft, then, wheeling back, cried, "Avenant, I was caught, and should have

been killed without your help. But I am grateful, and will do you a good turn when I can."

Such were the principal adventures that befel Avenant on his journey. When, at last, he reached the capital where resided the Fair One with Golden Locks, it appeared so magnificent that he thought he should be lucky indeed if he could persuade her to leave such wonders, to come and marry the king, his master.

He determined however to do his best; so, having put on a brocaded dress, with a richly embroidered scarf, and hung round his neck a small basket, containing a beautiful little dog he had bought on the road, he asked for admittance at the palace gate with such graceful dignity that the guards all bowed respectfully, and the attendants ran to announce the arrival of another ambassador, named Avenant, from the king, her neighbor.

THE PRINCESS ON HER THRONE.

The princess bid her women fetch her brocaded satin gown, and dress her hair with fresh wreaths of flowers; and, when her toilet was complete, she entered her audience chamber, where Avenant was waiting for her. Though dazzled at the sight of her rare beauty, he nevertheless delivered an eloquent harangue, which he wound up by entreating the princess not to give him the pain of returning without her.

"Gentle Avenant," replied she, "your speech is fair; but you must know that, a month ago, I let fall into the river a ring that I value above my kingdom, and I made a vow at the time, that I would never listen to a marriage proposal from anybody unless his ambassador recovered my lost

treasure. So you see, were you to talk till doomsday, you could not shake my determination."

Avenant, though surprised and vexed at such an answer, made a a low bow, and requested the princess's acceptance of the dog, the basket, and the scarf he wore ; but she refused his proffered gifts and bid him consider what she had said.

Avenant went to bed supperless that night ; nor could he close his eyes for a long while, but kept lamenting that the princess required impossible things to put him off the suit he had undertaken. But his little dog Cabriole bid him be of good cheer, as fortune would no doubt favor him ; and though Avenant did not much rely on his good luck, he at length fell asleep from sheer exhaustion.

The next morning Cabriole woke up his master, who dressed himself and went to take a walk. His feet insensibly carried him to the river side, where he heard a voice call, "Avenant! Avenant!" and Cabriole, running to the water, cried, "As I live, master, it's a golden carp with a ring in its mouth."

"Yes, Avenant," said the carp ; "this is the ring the princess lost. You saved my life, and I promised to repay you."

Avenant took the ring, and hastened to present it to the princess. She was greatly amazed to see her ring, but instead of yielding, she raised a fresh difficulty. "There is a giant, named Galifron," said she, "who wishes me to become his wife, and has threatened to ravage my kingdom unless I give my hand. He is as tall as a tower, and his voice is so loud that he deafens every one that comes near him when he speaks. He is daily killing and eating my subjects. If you wish to win my consent to marry your master, you must bring me this giant's head."

Avenant was thunderstruck, but recovering himself in a moment, he announced his readiness to fight the giant, although he had no doubt that in doing so he was dooming himself to death.

Having equipped himself for battle, Avenant set out for Galifron's castle. As he approached it, he found the road strewn with the bones of those whom the giant had slain. Soon he saw Galifron walking toward him. When the giant saw Avenant, he ran at him with his club, and would probably have killed him on the spot if a crow

THE GIANT GALIFRON WHO WAS AS TALL AS A TOWER.

had not come and pecked out both his eyes. Then he could only strike about at random, and Avenant easily killed him, and cut off his head. The crow had remained looking on, and now it said, "You saved my life by killing the eagle, Avenant, and I promised to repay you."

The princess was glad to see Avenant return alive, but was as far

as ever from being willing to accompany him to his master's court. Her pretext now was that she must have some water from the Fountain of Beauty before she left her kingdom. This water lay in a grotto guarded by two dragons. Inside the grotto was a deep hole, full of

AVENANT RETURNS WITH THE HEAD OF GALIFRON.

serpents, by which a descent must be made to a cave containing the spring. Whoever washed her face with this water, retained her beauty if already beautiful, or became beautiful though ever so ugly.

When the princess told Avenant of this third requirement he

AVENANT MEETS THE DRAGON DEFENDING THE FOUNTAIN OF BEAUTY.

remarked that while he thought she was far too beautiful to need any such water, he was ready to die if necessary to fulfill her wishes. He accordingly set out for the grotto, which was situated on the side of a rocky mountain. When he came near it, he saw standing in his path a great dragon, whose nostrils were pouring forth fire, and whose tail was lashing about in immense coils. Avenant drew his sword, and taking out a small bottle given him by the princess, he said to the faithful little Cabriole, who was with him, "I shall never be able to reach the water, so when I am killed, fill this bottle with my blood, and take it to the princess, that she may see what she has cost me."

But while he was speaking, a voice called, "Avenant!" and he perceived in a tree an owl, which said, "You freed me from the net, and I promised to repay you ; so give me your bottle and I will fill it for you." And away flew the owl, and soon returned with the precious water.

Avenant lost no time in returning and presenting the bottle to the princess, and she now at last agreed to go with him to his master's kingdom.

On reaching the capital, the king came forth to meet the Fair One with Golden Locks, and made her the most sumptuous presents. They were then married, amid great festivities and rejoicing; but the queen, who loved Avenant in her heart, could not forbear incessantly reminding the king, that had it not been for Avenant she would never have come, and that it was he alone who had procured her the water of beauty that was to preserve her ever youthful and beautiful. So it happened that some meddling bodies went and told the king that she preferred Avenant to himself, when he became so jealous that he ordered his faithful subject to be thrown into prison, and fed upon nothing but bread and water. When the Fair One with Golden Locks heard of his disgrace, she implored the king to release him, but the more she entreated, the more obstinately his majesty refused. The king now imagined that his wife perhaps did not think him handsome enough, so he had a mind to try the effects of washing his face with the water of beauty. Accordingly, one night he took the bottle from off the mantel-piece in the queen's bed-chamber, and rubbed his face well before he went to bed.

THE FAIR ONE CROWNS AVENANT.

But unfortunately for him, a short time previously one of the queen's maids, trying to kill a spider with a broom had knocked the bottle containing the water of beauty from the

mantel-piece and it had broken in the fall, and all the water was lost. The maid swept the fragments of glass away quickly ; and wishing to conceal her fault, it suddenly occurred to her that she had seen in the king's cabinet a bottle precisely similar, full of water as clear as the water of beauty. So without saying a word to any one, she slily got possession of it, and placed it on the queen's mantel-piece.

The water which was in the king's cabinet was used for the execution of princes and great noblemen who were condemned to die. Instead of beheading or hanging them, their faces were rubbed with this water, which had the fatal property of throwing them into a deep sleep, from which they never awakened.

It now had this effect on the king : he went to sleep and died. Cabriole ran to his master to tell him the news, when Avenant bid him go and remind the queen of the poor prisoner. So Cabriole slipped in amongst the crowd of courtiers who had assembled on the king's death, and whispered to her majesty ; " Do not forget poor Avenant."

The queen then called to mind all he had suffered on her account, and hastening to the tower, she took off his chains with her own white hands, and throwing the royal mantle over his shoulders, and placing a gold crown on his head, she said : " I choose you for my husband, Avenant, and you shall be king." Everybody was delighted at her choice, the wedding was the grandest ever seen, and the Fair One with Golden Locks, and her faithful Avenant, lived happily to a good old age.

HANS IN LUCK.

HANS had served his master for seven long years when he said to him: "Master, my time is now up, so please to give me my wages, as I wish to return home to my mother." The master answered: "You have served me like a trusty, honest fellow, as you are, and such as your services have been, so shall be your hire."

And thereupon he gave him a piece of gold as large as Hans' head. Hans took a cloth and rolled up the lump of gold, and slung it over his shoulder, and began to trudge home. As he went along, and kept setting one foot before the other, he happened to come up with a traveller, who was riding at a brisk pace on a lively horse.

"Oh! what a delightful thing it is to ride!" cried Hans, aloud: "it is every bit as good as sitting on a chair; one doesn't knock one's toes against a stone, and one saves one's shoes, and yet gets on, one hardly knows how."

The man on horseback having heard these wise reflections, cried out to him: "Nay then, Hans, why do you go on foot?"

"Why, you see, I am obliged to carry this lump home," replied Hans; "and, gold though it be, it bothers me sadly, as I am obliged to hold my head on one side, and it weighs so heavily on my shoulder."

"I'll tell you what," said the rider, stopping his horse, "we can make a bargain. Suppose I were to give you my horse, and you were to let me have your lump in exchange?"

"That I will, and thank you too," said Hans; "but I remind you that you will have to drag it along as best as you may."

The traveller got down from his horse, and took the lump of gold,

HANS RECEIVES HIS WAGES FOR SEVEN YEARS SERVICE.

and then helped Hans to mount, and having placed the bridle in his hands, said to him; "When you want to go very fast you have only to smack your tongue and cry: 'Get up!'"

Hans was in great delight as he sat on the horse. After awhile, however, he fancied he should like to go a little quicker, so he began to smack his tongue and to shout: "Get up! get up!"

The horse set off at a brisk trot, and before Hans had time to collect his thoughts, he was pitched into a ditch that divided the main road from the adjoining fields. The horse would have cleared the ditch at a bound, had he not been stopped by a peasant, who was driving a

HANS MAKES A BARGAIN WITH THE MAN ON HORSEBACK.

cow along the same road, and happened to come up with the luckless rider just at that moment.

Hans crawled out of the ditch as best as he might, and got upon his legs again. But he was sorely vexed, and observed to the peasant, that riding was no joke, especially when one had to do with a troublesome beast that thought nothing of kicking and plunging, and breaking a man's neck, and that nobody should ever catch him again attempting

THE HORSE THROWS HANS INTO THE DITCH AND RUNS AWAY.

to mount such a dangerous animal. Then he concluded by saying: "How far preferable a creature is your cow! One can walk quietly behind her, let alone her furnishing you with milk, butter, and cheese for certain, every day. What would I not give to have such a cow for my own!"

"Well," said the peasant, "if that's all, I should not mind changing my cow for your horse."

Hans agreed most joyfully to such a proposal, and the peasant leaped into the saddle, and was presently out of sight.

Hans now drove the cow before him at a quiet pace, and kept ruminating upon the excellent bargain he had made. "If I have only a bit of bread—and that is not likely to fail me—I shall be able to add butter and cheese to it as often as I wish. If I feel thirsty, I need only milk my cow, and I shall have milk to drink."

On reaching a public house he stopped to rest himself, and in the fulness of his joy he ate up his dinner and supper at one meal, and spent his two remaining farthings to purchase half a glass of beer. He

then went his way, and continued driving his cow towards his mother's village.

Towards noon, the heat grew more and more oppressive, particularly as Hans was crossing a moor during a full hour's time. At length his

HANS TRIES TO MILK THE COW.

thirst became so intolerable that his tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth. "The remedy is simple enough," thought Hans, "and now is the time to milk my cow, and refresh myself with a good drink of milk."

He then tied his cow to the stump of a tree, and used his leather cap for a pail; but do what he would not a drop of milk could he obtain: and as he set about attempting to milk the cow in the most

awkward manner imaginable, the enraged animal gave him a hearty kick with her hind leg, that laid him sprawling on the ground, where he remained half stunned for a long time, and scarcely able to recollect where he was.

Fortunately there came by just then a butcher trundling a wheel-barrow, in which lay a young pig.

"What on earth is the matter?" asked he, as he helped the worthy Hans to rise.

Hans related what had happened, when the butcher handed him his flask, saying: "There, man, take a drop and it will soon bring you round again. The cow has no milk to give, for she is an old animal only fit for the yoke, or to be killed and eaten."

"There now! who would have thought it?" said Hans, stroking his hair over his forehead. "It is, to be sure, all very well to have such an animal as that to kill, particularly as it yields such a lot of meat; but then I don't much relish cow's flesh: it is not half juicy enough for me. I'd much rather have a young pig like yours. The meat is far more tasty, to saying nothing of the sausages."

"I'll tell you what, Hans," quoth the butcher, "I'll let you have my pig in exchange for your cow, just out of kindness."

"Now that's very good of you, upon my word," replied Hans, as he gave him the cow, while the butcher put the string that was tied round the pig's leg into his new master's hand.

As Hans went along he could not help marvelling at his constant run of luck, which had regularly turned every little disappointment to the very best account. After a time he was overtaken by a lad who was carrying a fine white goose under his arm. They had no sooner bid one another good morrow, than Hans related how lucky he had been, and what advantageous bargains he had struck.

The lad told him, in turn, that he was carrying the goose to a christening dinner. "Only just feel how heavy it is," continued he, taking the goose up by the wings; "it has been fattening these eight weeks. I'll be bold to say that whoever tastes a slice of it when it comes to be roasted, will have to wipe away the fat from each corner of his mouth."

"Ay," said Hans, as he weighed it in one hand, "it is heavy enough to be sure, but my pig is not to be sneezed at either."

Meanwhile the lad was looking all round him with a
and then shook his head as he observed : " I'm afraid you
you into trouble. I have just come through a village
mayor's pig was stolen out of its sty, and I'm mighty afraid

"I AM AFRAID YOUR PIG WILL GET YOU INTO TROUBLE."

very pig you are now driving. It would be a bad job for you if you were caught with it, and the least that could happen to you would be a lodging in the black hole."

Poor Hans now began to be frightened. "For goodness' sake," cried he, "do help me out of this scrape; and, as you know this

better than I do, pray take my pig in exchange for

I shall run some risk," replied the lad, "yet I haven't the leave you in the lurch, either."

And so saying he took hold of the rope, and drove away the pig as fast as he could into a byway, while honest Hans pursued his road with the goose under his arm.

"When I come to think of it," said he to himself, "I have gained by the exchange. In the first place, a nice roast goose is a delicious morsel; then there will be the fat and the dripping to spread upon our bread for months to come; and last of all, the beautiful white feathers will serve to fill my pillow, and I'll warrant I shall not want rocking to sleep. How pleased my mother will be!"

As he passed through the last village on his way home, he saw a knife-grinder busily turning his wheel, while he kept singing:

"Old knives and old scissors to make new I grind,
And round turns my wheel e'en as swift as the wind."

Hans stopped to look at him, and at last said. "Your trade must be a good one, since you sing so merrily over your work."

"Yes," replied the knife-grinder, "it is a golden business. Your true knife-grinder is a man who finds money as often as he puts his hand into his pocket. But where did you buy that fine goose?" "I did not buy it, but exchanged it for my pig." "And where did you get piggy from?" "I changed my cow for it." "And how did you come by your cow?" "O! I gave a horse for it." "And how might you have obtained the horse?" "Why, I got it in exchange for a lump of gold as big as my head." "And how did you come by the gold?" "It was my wages for seven years' service."

"Nay, then," said the knife-grinder, "since you have been so clever each time, you need only manage so as to hear the money jingle in your pocket every time you move, and then you will be a made man." "But how shall I set about that?" inquired Hans. "You must turn knife-grinder like myself; and nothing is wanted to set you up in the trade but a grindstone; the rest will come of itself. I have one here that is a trifle worn, but I won't ask for anything more than your

goose in exchange for it. Shall it be a bargain?" "How can you doubt it?" replied Hans; "I shall be the happiest man on earth. Why, if I find money as often as I put my hands in my pocket, what

"HERE IS A GOOD SOLID STONE INTO THE BARGAIN"

more deed I care for?" And he handed him the goose, and took the grindstone.

"Now." said the knife-grinder, picking up a tolerably heavy stone that lay on the ground by him, "here's a good solid stone into the bargain, on which you can hammer away, and straighten all your old crooked nails. You had better lay it on the top of the other."

Hans did so, and went away quite delighted. "I was surely born

with a golden spoon in my mouth," cried he, while his eyes sparkled with joy, "for everything falls out just as pat as if I were a Sunday child." In the mean time, however, having walked since day-break, he now began to feel tired and very hungry, as he had eaten up all his provisions in his joy at the bargain he had made for the cow. By degrees he could scarcely drag his weary limbs any farther, and was obliged to stop every minute to rest, from the fatigue of carrying two heavy stones.

At length he could not help thinking how much better it would be if he had not to carry them at all. He had now crawled like a snail up to a spring, where he meant to rest, and refresh himself with a cool draught; and for this purpose he placed the stones very carefully on the brink of the well. He then sat down, and was stooping over the well to drink, when he happened to push the stones inadvertently, and plump into the water they fell! Hans no sooner saw them sink to the bottom of the well, than he got up joyfully, and then knelt down to thank Heaven for having thus mercifully ridden him of his heavy burden without the slightest reproach on his own conscience. For these stones were the only things that stood in his way. "There is not a luckier fellow than I beneath the sun!" exclaimed Hans; and with a light heart and empty hands he now bounded along till he reached his mother's home.

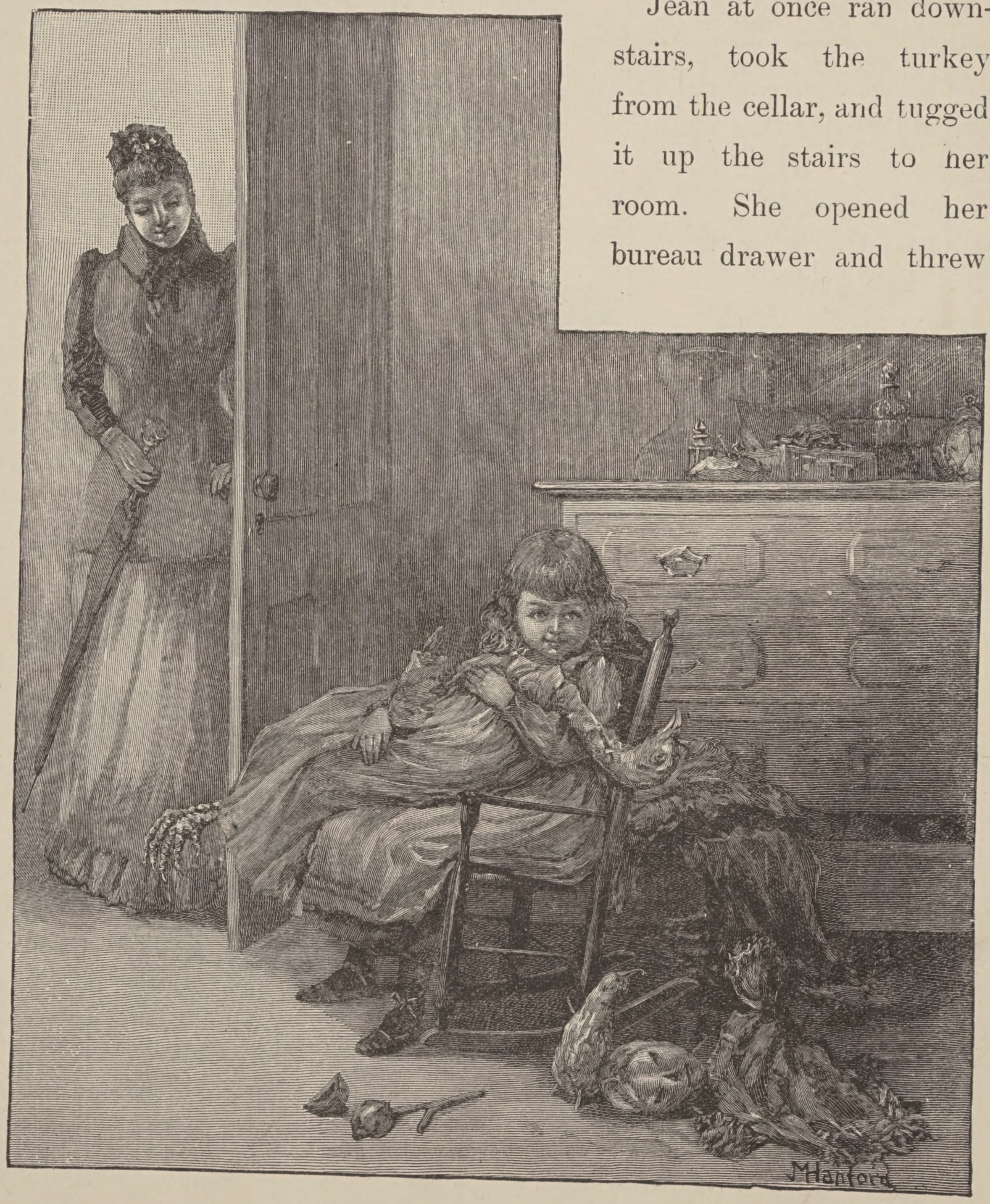
JEAN'S TURKEY DOLL.

JEAN always had the queerest doll you ever saw. There was Tom, whose head was a big hickory nut stuck on a stick; John, who was once a little pine-burr; Sallie, whose green face showed her to have been a small watermelon; and her twin sister, Susy, whose yellow face proved her to have grown as a little yellow squash. Beside these, there was red-headed Teddy, the bright plaid shawl, whose red fringe answered for hair; Chloe, the brown cloak; and Chibbie dearest, the yellow one.

Yet Jean wanted more. She dressed up Toddlekins, the cat, and Brighteyes, the dog; but they hated clothes, and would not lie in a cradle. Then she tried Biddy, the hen; but she pecked and squawked

Jean was looking for a new child, when one Saturday night her papa brought home a large turkey, ready to be cooked the next day. In the morning mamma and papa went to church, leaving Jean with the servant girl, who soon strayed off to speak to the next-door girl.

Jean at once ran down-stairs, took the turkey from the cellar, and tugged it up the stairs to her room. She opened her bureau drawer and threw



everything out, hunting for a dress for her turkey child. Her best new red silk frock was just the thing, so over the turkey's head she put it, pulled the two legs through the sleeves, and there was the baby all dressed.

Then she sat and rocked it, forgetting everything in her joy at having a big new doll.

When her father and mother returned they found Katie hunting everywhere for the turkey to cook. Up and down they looked, but at last decided that it had been stolen. Mamma went upstairs to take off her bonnet, when what should she see but Jean in her little rocker, with the turkey held closely to her, while all around were the other dolls! Then Jean had to give up her baby to be cooked for dinner. Wasn't that sad?

HAL HARRINGTON.

ELIZA'S BOAT-RIDE.

Back of grandma's house is a big pond, with an old skiff tied with a long rope to the shore.

Eliza and Tillie went to the water's edge, and Eliza jumped into the boat, and wanted Tillie to follow, but could not persuade her to do so, for she was afraid.

Eliza jumped up and down in high glee, then whirled all around, and taking an old paddle from the boat, splashed the water all over Tillie's white dress. This made Tillie cry, and Eliza was sorry ; but she kept in the boat, sat down, and paddled out as far as the rope would let her. A bad boy with a knife came along and cut the rope loose from the stake where it was tied, and then ran off.

What a very naughty act !

See Eliza now, standing in the boat, her hat blown off into the water, her curls flying wildly about her chubby face, screaming at the top of her voice. She holds with both hands the paddle, standing in the bottom of the boat. Her blue gingham dress is streaked

with mud from the old boat, and altogether she is a sorry-looking sight.

On the shore, running to and fro, waving her hat and her handkerchief, Tillie is calling loudly for help.

Two men passing by saw the plight, and hastened to get a long

pole with a grappling-hook on the end, which happened to be near. With this they brought the boat to land, and lifted out a very glad, as well as repentant, little girl.

Eliza said she never wanted to get in that boat again, and she never did, for grandpa had it cut up and used as firewood.

M. W. BELL BLAKE

HONG LEE'S STORY.

PERHAPS you think because I am a doll I cannot talk. Here in the picture we are all dolls. We do not pretend to talk very much, but I think I can tell you a little story that will interest you.

I have not been in America very long; but I like it here, because everybody is so kind to me. I was brought across the ocean to San Francisco, where I stayed three months.

One day a fine-looking man came into the store where I was. When he saw me he said, "I must have that doll to take to my little girl in Chicago." So I was placed very carefully in a large box and taken a long journey on the cars. When we reached this gentleman's home, we found my little mistress having a beautiful party.

It was a dolls' party, and I am sure no one ever saw more lovely dolls than were here. There were ten in all, and so elegantly dressed I almost thought I had come to a wedding. But as I had never heard of a doll's wedding I concluded it was only a nice party.

Pretty soon I had a great surprise. The door opened, the music-box began to play, and in came two more dolls, one dressed in a Prince Albert suit and the other in white satin.

Everybody said, "Here come the Prince and Princess to be married." Then there was no sound but the music. All the dolls formed in line. The Prince and his bride led, and all together marched three times around the room and stopped. The Prince and Princess bowed to each other three times, to the other dolls three times, and then they were married.

Some one took me from the chair where I had been sitting all the time, and asked me to bow to the Princess, which I did.

The next day some one said the Princess wanted my picture taken. At first I was afraid to go for it, until I was told the Princess and one of her little bridemaids would go with me. The Princess wore her wedding dress and hat that had just come from Paris.

I love the Princess very much. She does not treat me as if I were nothing but a queer-looking Chinese doll, but is very kind to me in

every way. I guess she must have heard our little mistress say the other day that she thought the Chinese ought to be treated kindly

and taught how to be better than they are. God made them, and He surely would not want it forgotten that they have souls as well as other people. Our little mistress's papa has taught her to be kind to everybody.

ANON.

One bright October day the children were all in school, trying to look at their books instead of out of the window. They could not help wishing to be outside where the sun was bright and warm, but they kept very quiet. Presently there was a great rustling and fluttering among the fallen leaves around the school-house, and the cry of "turkeys" was heard.

"Wild turkeys!" said one little fellow out loud; and then he turned red in the face, and looked at the teacher. The noise grew louder, and all the children began to whisper together, and at last asked leave to go and look. The teacher told them to see if they were wild turkeys, and one large boy ran off to a house close by, to borrow a gun.

There was a large flock of turkeys, sure enough, some gray and some brown; but the boys did not know whether they were wild or tame.

"I will shoot one for dinner," said Harry, who had come back with

the gun. Before any one could speak, he had fired into the flock. A large gray turkey fell dead; but the others only scattered a little at the report of the gun, and did not fly away, as wild birds would have done. Just then a little girl came running up out of breath.

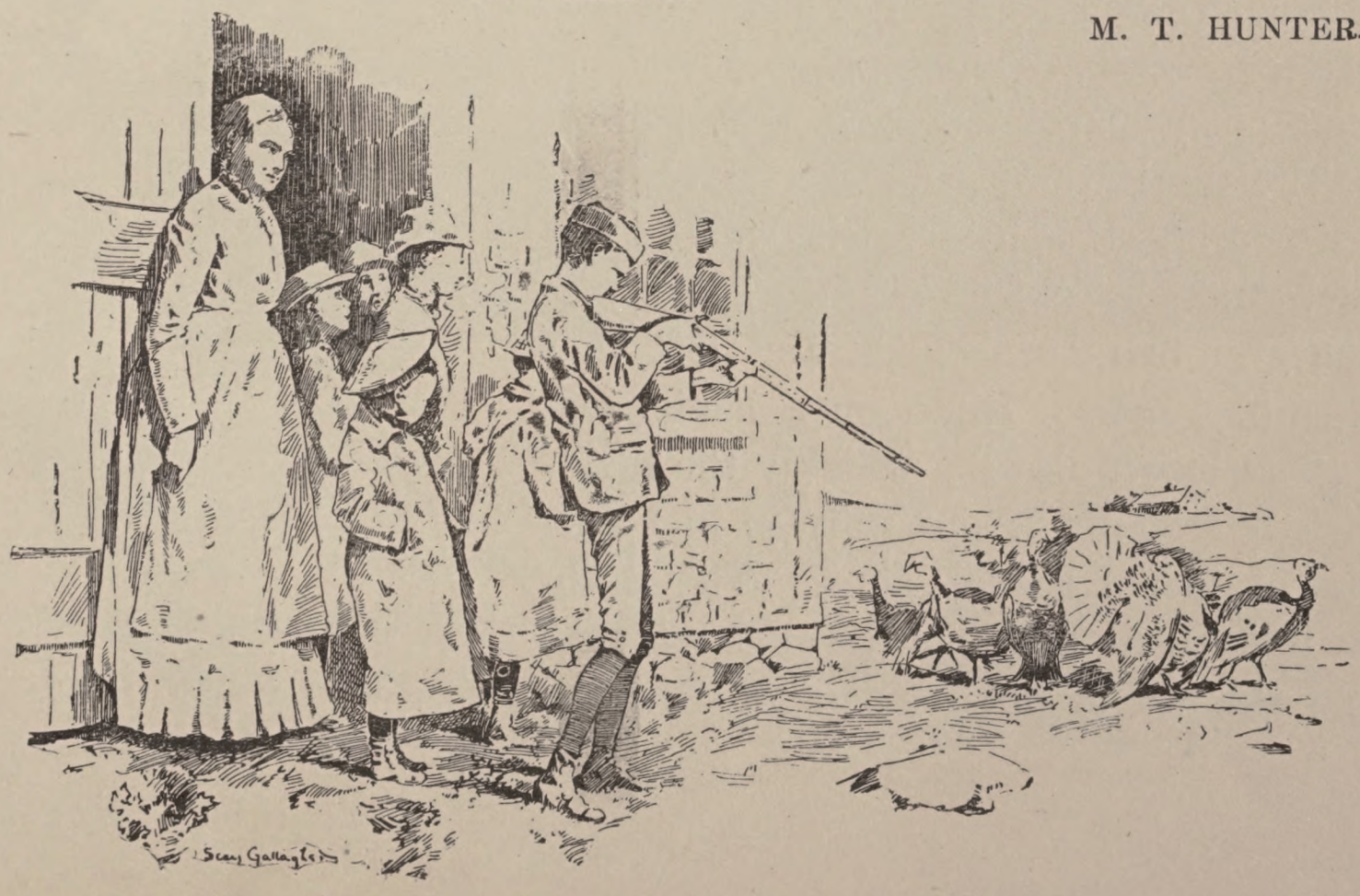
"You have shot my mother's turkey," she said, looking at the dead bird. "She told me to come over, and see if her turkeys were here."

"I am very sorry," said Harry, and will pay your mother; but, indeed, I thought it was a wild turkey."

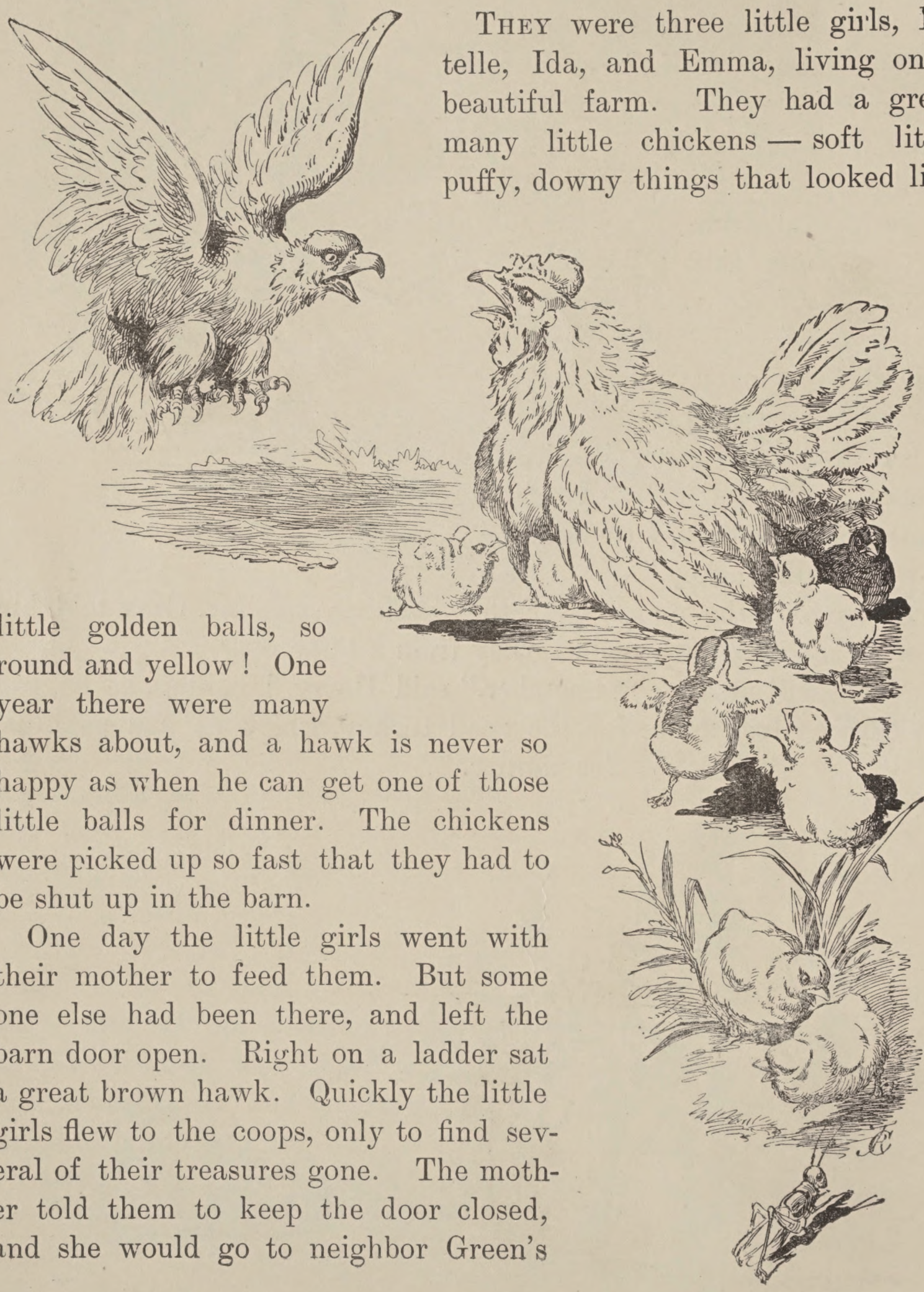
Harry took the money over that evening, and Mr. Gray told him how he might know a wild turkey from a tame one.

"This will make me remember," said Harry, laughing, as he paid his bright silver dollar for the dead turkey, which he had next day for dinner.

M. T. HUNTER.



THE LITTLE HAWK-HUNTERS.



THEY were three little girls, Estelle, Ida, and Emma, living on a beautiful farm. They had a great many little chickens — soft little puffy, downy things that looked like little golden balls, so round and yellow! One year there were many hawks about, and a hawk is never so happy as when he can get one of those little balls for dinner. The chickens were picked up so fast that they had to be shut up in the barn.

One day the little girls went with their mother to feed them. But some one else had been there, and left the barn door open. Right on a ladder sat a great brown hawk. Quickly the little girls flew to the coops, only to find several of their treasures gone. The mother told them to keep the door closed, and she would go to neighbor Green's

and borrow his gun. No sooner had she gone, however, than little Estelle said, "Let's play we're hunters, and kill him before mother gets back." All agreed to this, for Estelle was the oldest. They took baby Emma, who was only four, and lifted her on the hay over the cattle-stalls. They gave her a broom which lay near. Then six-year-old Ida, and Estelle, climbed the ladder, one holding a pitchfork and

the other a rake, and all crying "shoo," "shoo," with all their might. Estelle did not stop till she reached the cross-beams, away up in the roof, and stood on some boards that had been laid across them.

Ida settled on the top of the ladder, and the battle began. The frightened hawk flew from one enemy, only to meet another. If he missed little Emma's broom, he was sure to get a raking from Ida or a thrust from Estelle's pitchfork.

Finally the battle became too much for him, and he fell to the floor dead. The little hunters flew to the house, and getting a dust-pan, laid the hawk upon it. They left it on the doorstep, where mother would be sure to see it as she came home. Then they hid behind the lilac-bush where they could watch her surprise, forgetting that they had left the barn door open for the hawk's cousin to go in and get his supper!

ELLEN KNIGHT BRADFORD.

HOW RUTH WENT TO THE FAIR.

Ruth lived at the almshouse. She had just two friends in all the world, — old Peter Simmons and a pure-white kitten. Peter Simmons lived at the almshouse too. He had only one leg, but he had a warm, loving heart and kind, blue eyes, and Ruth loved him dearly.

The grounds where the county fair was held every year were only a mile away. When Ruth saw the droves of cows and sheep, the poultry, the long lines of oxen, the carts trimmed with evergreen

and gay flags, she felt that she must go to the fair. As usual, she went to old Peter.

"Well, Ruthie," said he, "I don't see how we can manage it. Neither you nor I have any money, unless" — and he looked very

wise — "we can become exhibitors; then we can go in for nothing. You can take your kitten, and I've been carving some things with my penknife. Who knows but we can put them in on exhibition. If we can, we are all right."

Ruth did not look very attractive in a soiled dress, faded sun-bonnet, and bare feet, the next morning, when she presented herself at the manager's office.

"Get out of the way, girl! We have no room for you or your cat," the man said, crossly.

Poor Ruth! She turned away with tears of disappointment in her brown eyes.

A pleasant-faced gentleman stood watching her. He had heard the unkind words, and now he called her to him. She told him the whole story, bravely keeping back the tears.

"Have you a blue ribbon for your kitten's neck?" he enquired. "No; well, take this ten cents and buy one. Have your old friend yonder make a proper box to hold your kitten, and bring her here this afternoon. If any one refuses to let you on the grounds, show them this card; and here is an exhibitor's ticket which will entitle you to free admission each day, if you choose to come. You must

remember to feed your kitten night and morning, for she will have to stay until the fair is over. I hope you will see all there is to be seen, little one, and enjoy yourself."

"I guess that must have been the president — not of the United States, but of the fair," Peter explained on the way home.

The box was made, a bright-blue ribbon tied around Kitty's neck. She was carried to the fair, and placed side by side with some white mice. And so Ruth went to the fair, after all.

LIZZIE MAY SHERWOOD.

GRANDMOTHER'S STORY.

"I AM going down to the Frog Pond to sail my new boat," said Ralph Brown to his sister Susie one summer afternoon.

Now, Ralph Brown is a Boston boy whose home is near the Common, and the Frog Pond is not an ordinary frog pond, as one might suppose on hearing it spoken of, but it is the name of a pretty little sheet of nice, clear water right in the midst of the park called Boston Common. The bottom of the pond is made of stones, and it is hemmed in all about its margin by smooth granite edgestones, while around these is a nice gravel walk. Beyond on all sides is grass, and overhead are the wide-spreading branches of great elm-trees. The water is supplied by a beautiful fountain near one end of the pond.

The city of Boston is nearly surrounded by water, with the harbor in front and the Charles River running in the rear, and a great many men are interested in boating and yachting. Thus the little boys hear their fathers and larger brothers talk about these sports, and also become interested in them, and not a few of them have toy boats. As they cannot, of course, sail their boats on the big river or in the deep harbor, they go to the Frog Pond, and on a pleasant summer day one may see its surface dotted here and there with small white sails, and the owners of the tiny craft standing on the shore watching with eager interest their miniature vessels as they are wafted by the gentle breeze from side to side of the pond.

Mixed in with these youthful yachtsmen may now and then be seen a boy or two having grand fun with their dogs. The boys throw sticks into the pond, and the dogs plunge into the water, swim out and grasp the pieces of wood in their teeth and bring them

ashore again, seeming to enjoy the sport as much as do their masters. There is usually quite a number of people seated on benches in the shade around the pond, and they have to take care that they do not get sprinkled when the dogs come out, for then the animals shake themselves and scatter the water in every direction, and whisk their wet tails about, sometimes right in the faces of the children.

Ralph has a dog named Dash, and it was his intention to take him along with him to the pond.

Susie thought it would be pleasant for her and her cousin, Ethel Eaton, who was playing with her, to go also. Ralph said he was willing, and as Mrs. Brown gave her consent, off they all went. Ralph carried his boat, which he called "The Neversink;" the girls each took a doll, of which Susie has quite a family; and Dash ran ahead, then came back to bark, and then ran ahead again.

When they reached the Frog Pond, Ralph first amused the girls by throwing in a stick and sending Dash after it. Dash is a Newfoundland dog, and consequently very fond of swimming.

After a short time, however, Ralph arranged the sail and fixed the rudder of the pretty little boat his father had bought for him, and placing it in the water, gave it a push, and away it sped out across the pond. The children ran around to the other side to meet it when it arrived, and thus "The Neversink" made several voyages.

"Don't you wish you had some passengers on your boat?" said Ethel.

"Yes," said Ralph. "Let me take the doll, Ethel, and I will send her across on the boat."

"No, indeed!" exclaimed Susie, "you can't have my nice French doll."

"Oh, please let me take her, Sue," pleaded Ralph.

"You can try this Japanese doll, Sing Hi, if you want to," Susie replied.

"I don't care whether my passengers are French, Japanese, or Chinese," said Ralph, and placing the doll Susie gave him carefully on board the boat, off sailed Sing Hi in fine style on "The Neversink," amidst the gleeful shouts of the children at her comical appearance.

Sing Hi reached the other shore of the pond in safety, and she had behaved so well that it was immediately decided to give her a ride back again. So the boat was once more headed in the other direction, and Sing Hi started on her return voyage.

DOLL OVERBOARD.

When she was well on her way, the children set out for the other side of the pond to receive her, but hardly had they got their backs turned when a boy shouted out —

"Doll overboard! doll overboard!"

Sure enough, there had been a disaster. The rudder of "The Neversink" had got loose, the sail had shifted, and the boat had taken a new tack, that is, changed its course. This would have done no harm, but, in the "coming about," poor Sing Hi had lost her balance and fallen into the water. Luckily she was very light and did not sink. But there she was out in the middle of the pond.

The boat came ashore at the end of the Frog Pond, but the question was how to get the doll.

Susie's eyes were filled with tears, but Ralph said, "Don't cry, Sue, I can get the doll. I will send Dash in after her."

However, Dash could not be induced to go. He would not take his eyes off from Ralph, and as he had not seen him throw anything into the water, he could not understand what was wanted, and only ran about and barked.

Then Ralph had a happy thought. He took a stick and threw it

out beyond the doll. In sprang Dash and swam straight ahead toward it, but when he came to Sing Hi he probably got some water in his eyes, and he thought she was the stick. So he grabbed hold of her and brought her to the now overjoyed Susie.

Sing Hi was a wretched-looking object to behold. Her clothes were wet through, and Ethel and Susie agreed that the best thing to do was to take her home, as soon as possible, and put some dry clothing on her, so that she should not take cold.

FRANK J. BONNELLE.

JOCK.

Jock was a pet coon. Did you ever see a coon?

There are all sorts of pets — dogs, cats, birds, squirrels, rabbits, guinea-pigs, and why not coons?

They look something like a big cat, with a long, pointed nose, like a fox.

We kept Jock in the yard, fastened to a long chain.

He was very particular about washing everything before he would eat it, so we always kept a bucket of water within his reach.

The little boys and girls often came to see Jock, and would laugh to see him always put the meat or candy in the bucket of water, and stir it around, before he would put it in his mouth.

But they would laugh most when I gave Jock a lump of sugar, which he would put in the water, and stir around so long, that when he thought it was clean enough there was no sugar left.

I don't think Jock ever knew why he could n't find his sugar.

Sometimes the little boys came with dirty hands, and would be ashamed of them when they saw how clean Jock was.

One day he got loose, and we could not find him. That night, when the neighbor's two little girls went to bed, they heard something rattle on the floor, and were very much frightened.

They called mamma, who came up with a light, and there was Jock, walking around with his long chain dragging over the floor.

ANONYMOUS.

A LITTLE GIRL'S FRIENDS.

JAPANESE SHOES.

I WONDER what the poor boot-blacks, if there are any, do in Japan where all the people wear bamboo shoes, and wooden sandals which never need blacking?

In the houses they go without shoes.

One of the queerest sights in the streets of Japan is the old and new, the large and small shoes, which are seen outside the doors of the houses where they are left.

These shoes make a great clacking noise, and there is a separate place in them for the great toe. The wearers step in and out of them so quickly that they hardly stop to do it.

In the house the Japanese sit or lie on the floor when they rest, and never walk unless with very clean feet.

When they travel they take several pairs of shoes in case the old ones give out. Well they may do so, as they cost only a cent and a half a pair.

MRS. G. HALL.

AUNTIE'S MUMMY-CAT.

Aunt Lou, is it true, as they told,
You've a kitty three thousand years old,
That you brought from the banks of the Nile?
Poor puss! it's a pretty long while!
Was he gentle and nice? Did he use to catch mice
  In the pantry of Pharaoh's daughter?
Did he "look at the king?" or play with a string
  For the boy she took out of the water?

Did he ever rub noses with dear little Moses,
  Or scratch him for pulling his tail?
Can he purr yet, and canter and mew
As my dear Kitty Gray can do?
  Or has he grown slow as a snail?
Please show him to us, Auntie Lou;
  'Tis a wonderful cat, we are certain of that;
  But he must be beginning to fail!
[Enter Puss, on a plaque.]

What! No! not that little bundle! Feugh!
I guess, by the smell, he's as old as they tell;
  And he's deader than Pharaoh, too!
Thanks, auntie, for letting us see;
But, please, not any for me!
My sweet Kitty Gray, come hither and play,
My truly 'live kitty so pretty and gay;
  You are sweeter than this by far!
Live many a day, be old as you may;
  And when you have ceased to purr
  You shall sleep in your own soft fur,
And never be swaddled in tar!
  These dried-up mummy-cats,
  Leathery, dummy-cats,
Are nothing so nice as you are!

GEO. S. BURLEIGH.

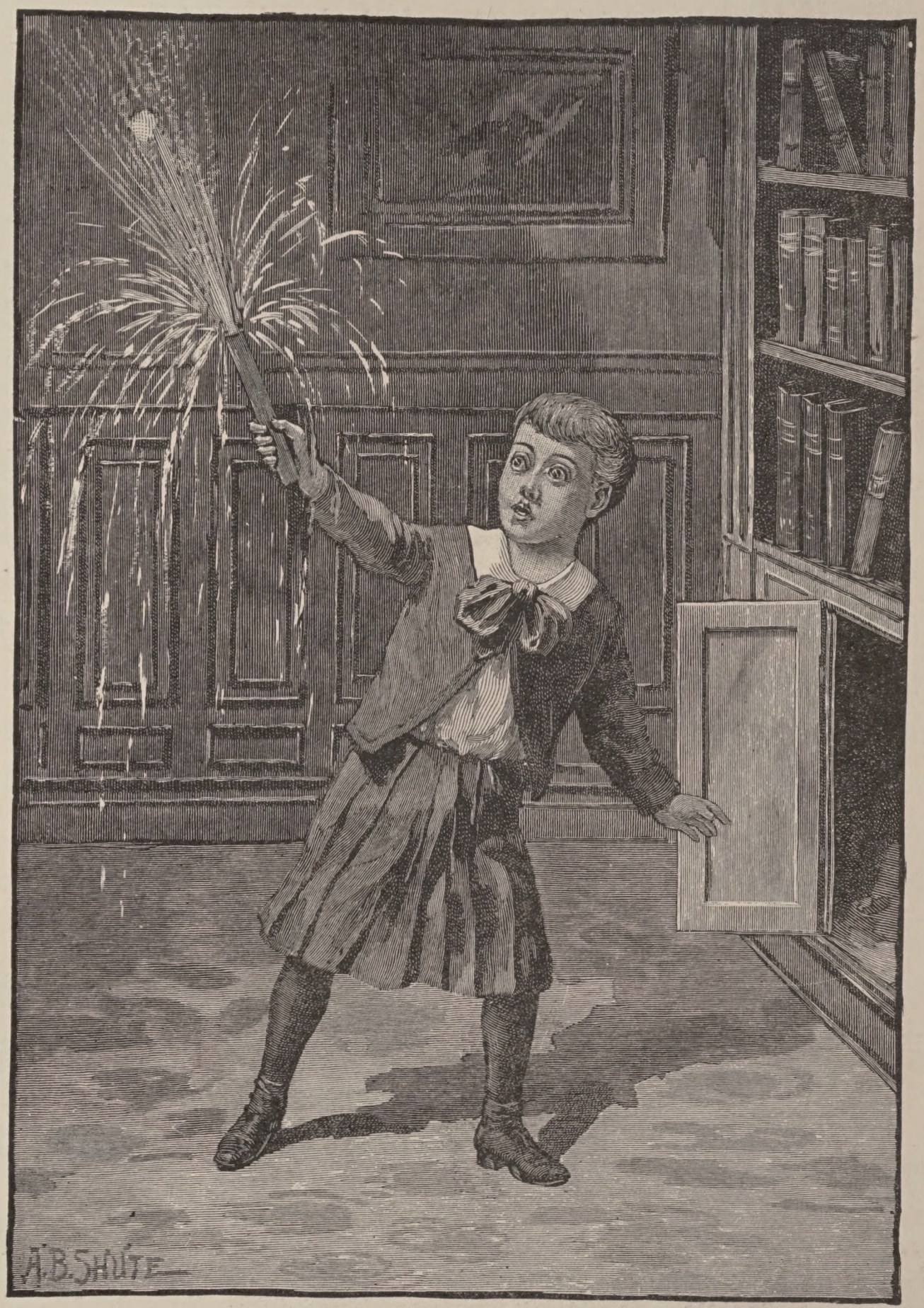
JACK'S FUNNY CANDLE.

JACK was a dear little boy about four years old, and full of mischief. As he never intended to do any harm, and was often very much grieved over the mischief he caused, everybody loved him. His father sometimes discovered that his shaving-brush had been used to paint with. Old Mary, the cook, often declared he "was enough to provoke a saint" when he covered her clean kitchen floor with muddy foot-prints.

One day he got into a terrible scrape, and frightened those in the house nearly out of their wits.

It was one morning in the middle of winter. Jack was by himself in the library. His mother was very busy getting the house ready for company, and every one was helping her. She asked Jack if

he could take care of himself for an hour. He said he thought he could. This is what he did:



Under one of the bookcases was a cupboard where odds and ends were kept, and into that he poked his inquisitive little nose. He

found a very strange-looking thing. It looked very much like a long green candle, with a little green wick sticking out at one end.

"It is a queer-looking candle," said Jack to himself. Then after he had looked at it again very carefully he thought perhaps it was a torch.

"I think I'll light it and play torchlight procession," he said, in great delight. He held the little green wick in the fire, and as soon as he saw it was lighted he put it over his shoulder and turned to march about the room.

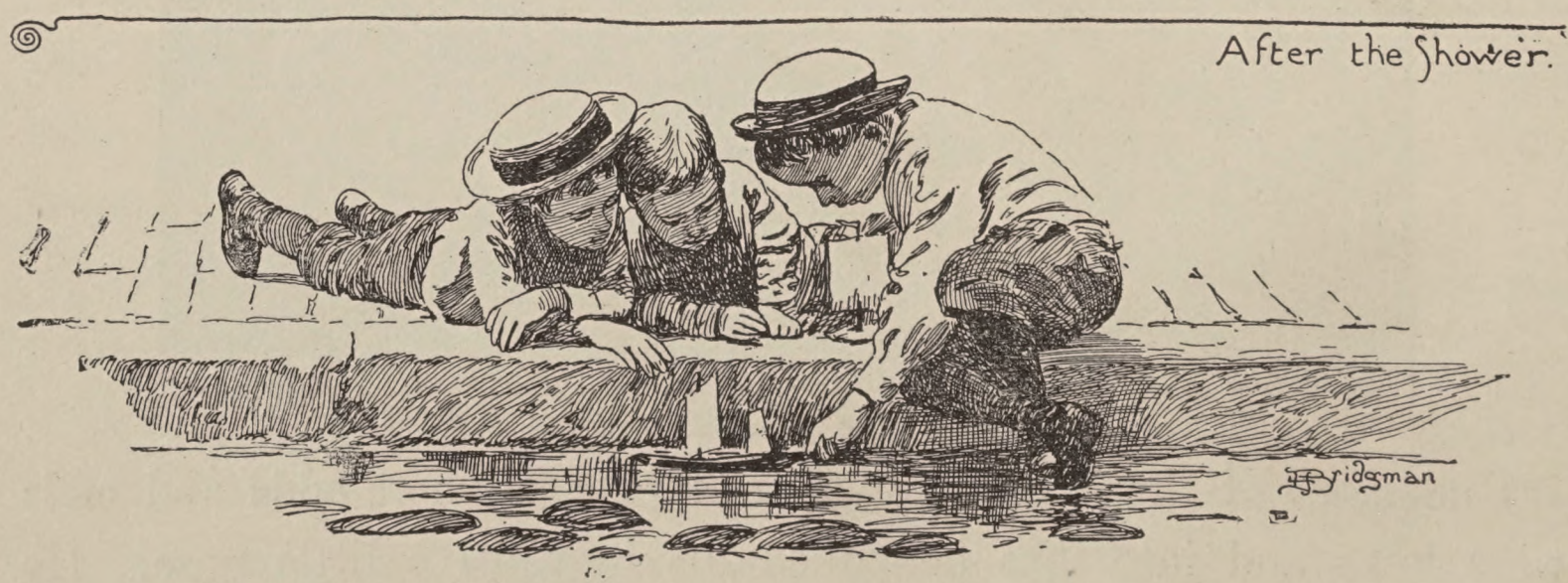
He had not taken a step when the most dreadful thing happened. The curious candle sent out a shower of sparks that went in every direction — on his hands, in his hair, and down the back of his neck. Suddenly, with a bang, out flew a fiery ball.

Jack screamed at the top of his lungs, and threw the dreadful thing on the floor. The room was filled with smoke. Every one in the house who heard the noise and Jack's screams thought some one was shooting him with a pistol, and rushed to the library.

They found him standing in the middle of the room screaming with all his might, and a burnt Roman candle on the floor at his feet.

Jack considered his burns and the fright quite sufficient punishment. Unfortunately his father did not think so.

ANNA M. TALCOTT



REVENGE.

NINE dolls she got on Christ-
mas day —
Round, rosy, short, and tall;
But she centred her affection
On a Japan baby doll!

And all the rest indignant
were
To see her lavish care
On that absurd young foreigner
Without a speck of hair.

REVENGE.

To think that all their Paris charms
And lovely golden locks
Were passed by for a creature
In cotton paper frocks!

So they formed in a committee
To sit upon that doll.
Next day she found him only fit
To decorate the wall!

E. S. TUCKER.

HOW BABY WENT TO MEETING.

Mamma came softly out of the bedroom, leaving the two-year-old baby asleep. Then she put on her bonnet to go to prayer-meeting with papa.

"Good-by, Jessie," she said, kissing the little girl who sat on the veranda in the sunset. "Don't go out of the yard so you can hear Harry if he wakes."

The church was just around the corner a few steps, and they would only be gone an hour. But Jessie felt quite abused to have to stay and keep watch of baby when she wanted to be out romping.

"If papa wasn't the minister, mamma wouldn't be the minister's wife, and then she wouldn't always have to go to prayer-meeting," she thought.

Just then her bosom friend, Grace, called to her over the fence.

"Jessie, let's go over and play croquet with the Sweet girls."

"I can't. Mamma's gone to meeting and I must stay with Harry."

"Where is he?"

"Asleep."

"Then he's all right; come along. Nobody will know if you do leave him a minute, and you'll be in sight."

"Perhaps I might for one game," said Jessie.

"How tiresome it must be," said Grace as they walked along, arm-

in-arm, "to be kept in to look after a baby. I'm glad there are no babies at our house!"

Grace was an only child, and a selfish and spoiled one at that.

Jessie did not enjoy the croquet, after all, for she felt she was doing wrong. She meant to keep watch of the house, but she could only see one corner of it. As soon as the game was over she and Grace came away.

"What if you should get home and find that some one had stolen Harry?" asked Grace. "They do such things, sometimes."

Jessie's heart beat quickly. She left Grace at her own gate, ran home, and into the bedroom. Harry was gone!

"He is stolen!" thought Jessie, and rushed out, and over to the church to tell her parents.

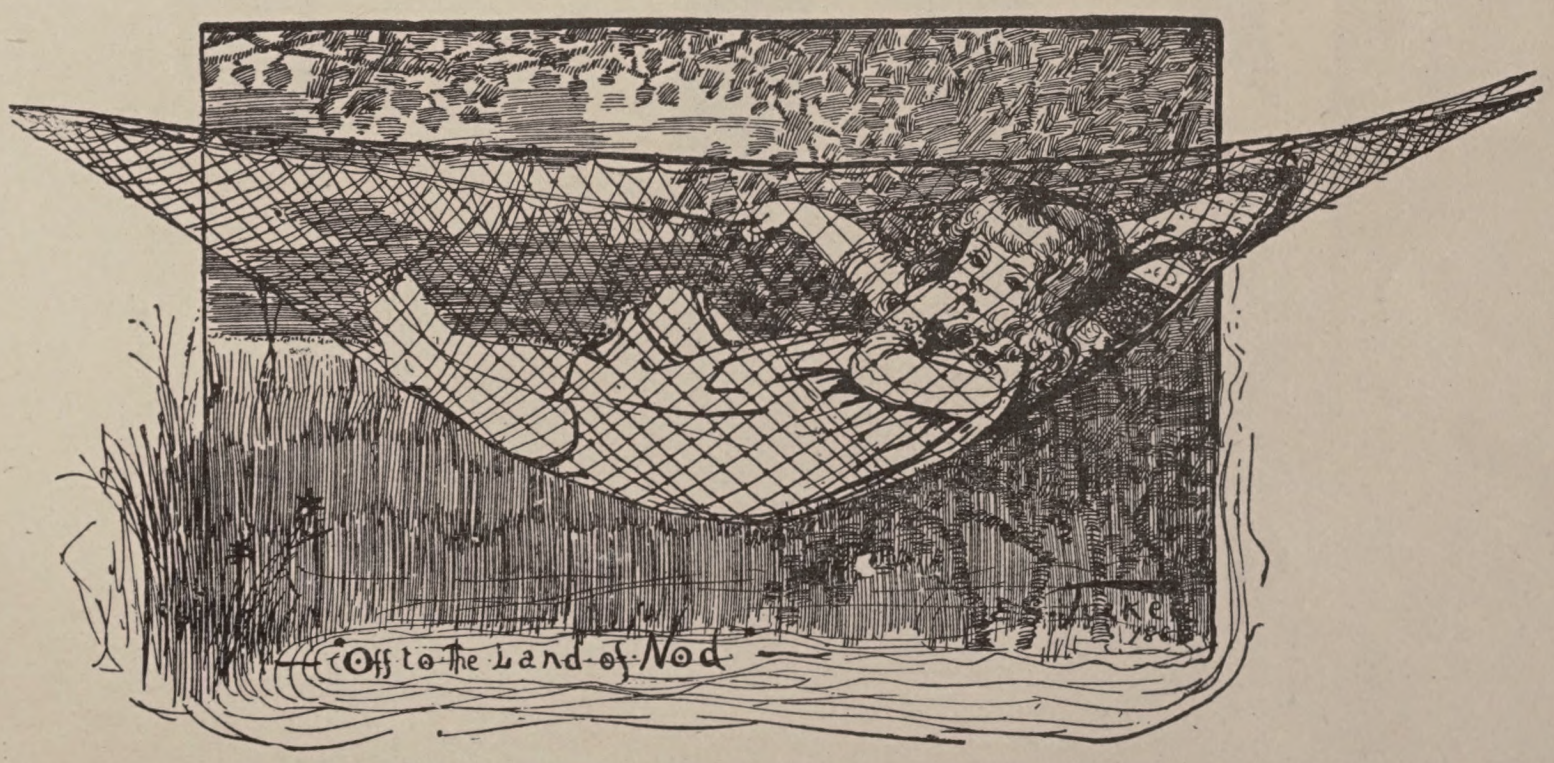
Just about the time she got home, Baby Harry, in his white night-gown, was climbing the church steps. It was prayer-time, and no one noticed him, till, as Jessie came panting to the door, she saw him getting up on the platform to papa.

What should she do?

Just then mamma rose softly, went and picked up Harry, brought him out and took him home.

Jessie confessed her fault, and mamma forgave her. But she had such a fright she never wanted to leave Harry alone again.

MATTIE W. BAKER.



FOURTH OF JULY.

FOURTH OF JULY.

YANKEE DOODLE Four-Year-Old
Is a hero big and bold,
On his breast a sash of red,
Cap and plume upon his head,
On his thigh a sword of lath,
A red cannon by the path,
The true, starry banner o'er him,
And a loud drum hung before him.

Colonel, captain, garrison,
Gunner, drummer, all in one;
Tyrant kings and Hessian foes
Cannot stand before his blows —
Nay, nor any one with ears,
Dear mammas nor grenadiers!

Give him room and let him bang,
Batter, clatter, crackle, clang,
Rub-a-dub, hurrah, and charge,
Strike and wheel and tramp at large,

Fierce with valor, hewing down
Mullein-head and thistle-crown;
'Tis the Fourth day of July,
And his loyal heart beats high.

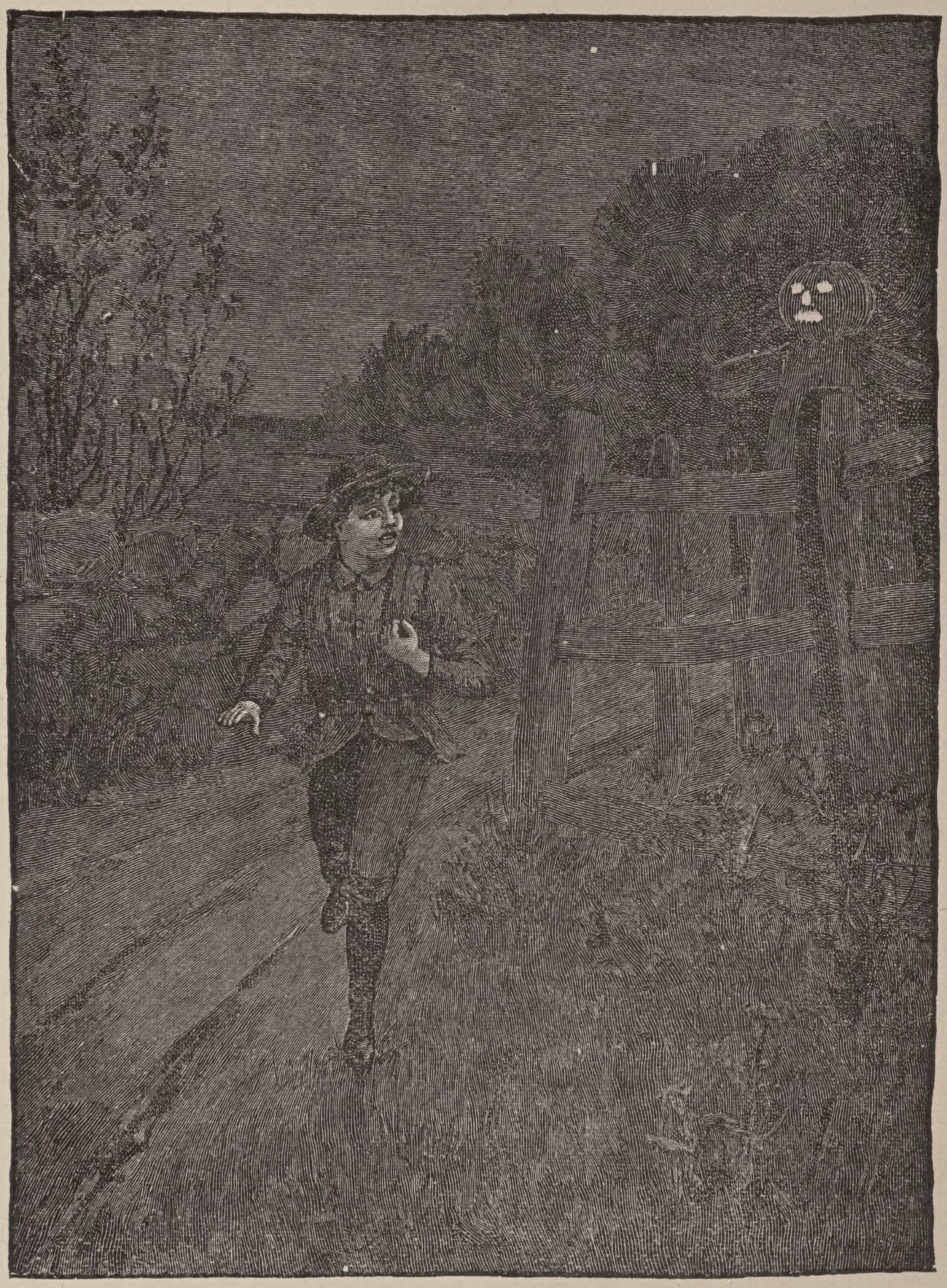
As the good Boy Washington,
Slashing cherry-trees for fun,
When to noble manhood grown
Drove his hatchet through a throne;
So my Yankee Four-Year-Old,
Now in fancy battles bold,
Shall grow up in courage strong,
To smite many a cruel wrong!

GEO. S. BURLEIGH

Harry's Bug-a-boo.

HARRY WILSON lived with his father and mother on a farm, and being a country boy was a brave little fellow. So, one evening, when his mother asked him to go over to a neighbor's house on an errand for her, he started off cheerfully, although it was nearly sundown.

Harry was kept longer than he expected, and did not start



back home until after dark. Then the shadows in the fence-corners and the bushes along the country road looked queer in the starlight, and the stillness was apt to make one nervous. But Harry whistled merrily as he trudged along, and looked straight ahead toward his home.

When he had gone about half-way he chanced to look over into a field on one side of the road. There he saw among the young corn,

which was just shooting up above the ground, a figure that looked very much like the giants which the fairy-books tell about. It had a great, big head, with wide eyes like coals of fire, and a terrible, square mouth that seemed to be eating fire.

How Harry did run toward his home! When he got there he was trembling like a leaf, and told his father he had seen a "bug-a-boo."

Mr. Wilson said there was no such thing as a "bug-a-boo." He went back with Harry, whose little legs shook with fright as he followed his father over into the cornfield.

"What is it, father?" Harry asked when they got nearly up to the "bug-a-boo."

"It's only a 'Jack-o'-Lantern,'" said Mr. Wilson, and he laughed heartily at Harry's fright.

Harry found that the "Jack-o'-Lantern" was a large pumpkin, which had been hollowed out, and eyes, nose, and mouth cut in the rind. A lighted candle stuck inside of it shone through them and made them look like fire, a short distance away. The neighbor's boys had made it and stuck it up on the top of a "scare-crow" which had been put in the field to keep the crows from stealing the young corn. The boys were very sorry when they heard how Harry had been frightened by it; but Harry said he was glad, because it taught him never to run from anything without knowing what it was.

G. KETTLEWELL.

My Idaho Pet.

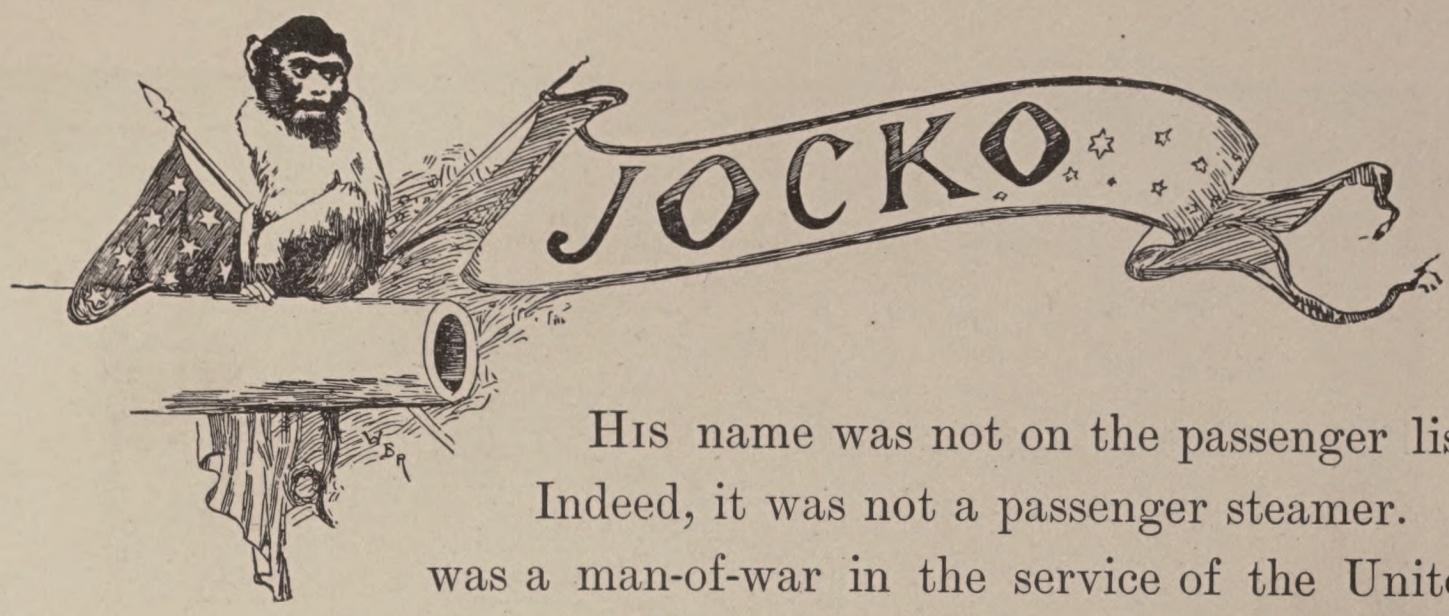
Clara G. Dolliver.

I have a funny little pet
He came from Idaho,
His coat is brown, his eye is jet
I call him Angelo.
A little prairie dog is he,
Tho' not like any dogs you see.

The oven door was open once,
'Twas warm in there, and deep,
So in he crept, the little dunce,
And cuddled down to sleep.
Nor did he wake when Katie came
And blew the coals into a flame.

Alex.r H. Seaverns. '90

While making pies, she heard wee cries
'Twas hot in there, poor fellow,—
When he got out, from tail to snout,
His coat was scorched quite yellow.
The lesson was a mournful one,
But now he warms him in the sun.
Alex. H. Seavers. '90



His name was not on the passenger list. Indeed, it was not a passenger steamer. It was a man-of-war in the service of the United States. Yet Jocko's lively manners made him so popular that he was given the freedom of the ship.

You know that a sailor is about half a tailor. He knows how to sew, and embroiders prettily. He has his own little "kit,"—thimble, wax, needles, scissors, and thread,—which he calls his "tiddy-box." So the sailors had no end of fun with Jocko, dressing him up in suits which they made. And he enjoyed his smart clothes as much as anybody. Before I forget it, I must tell you that Jocko was a waggish, ring-tailed monkey.

In the navy the discipline is very strict. Both officers and men fear to disobey orders. Each looks with awe at the next above him in rank.

Perhaps it is this feeling that makes the ceremony of "inspection" so dreaded. Unlucky is the fellow then caught with soiled jacket or tarnished steel.

On one particular inspection-day the drums called all hands to the quarter-deck. They filed in order to their places. The crew stood near the mainmast. The marines were drawn up on the left or "port" side of the ship. With his officers, the Commodore took his place on the "starboard" side to receive the Admiral. The boy piped with his bugle, "the Admiral is coming." The drums rolled again, and over the side he came in full uniform.

The inspection began. It had gone on but a little way when something happened. On the "ridge-rope," where the boats are swung,

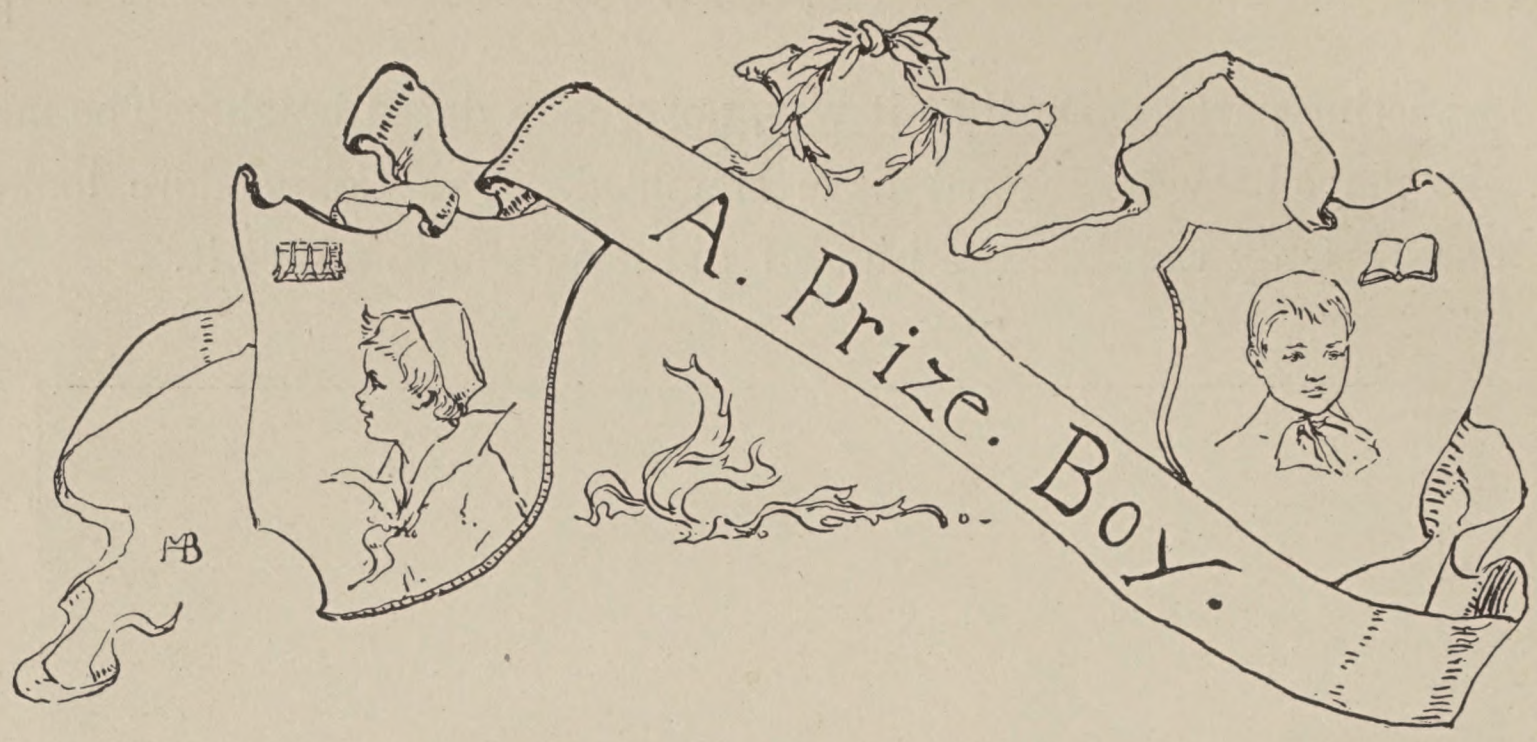
who should appear but Jocko. He was the very copy of the admiral in dress, — shoulder-straps, stripes, hat, and all. Hand over hand went Jocko, chattering to himself as he kept up with the

inspecting-party. Droll as it was, not a man dared laugh. The man who played the trick must have trembled. The Commodore looked black. Only the Admiral himself did not seem to notice it.

When all was over and he was left alone with the Commodore, it is said that he laughed heartily, and thought it a good joke.

Poor Jocko never knew why that was his last "inspection."

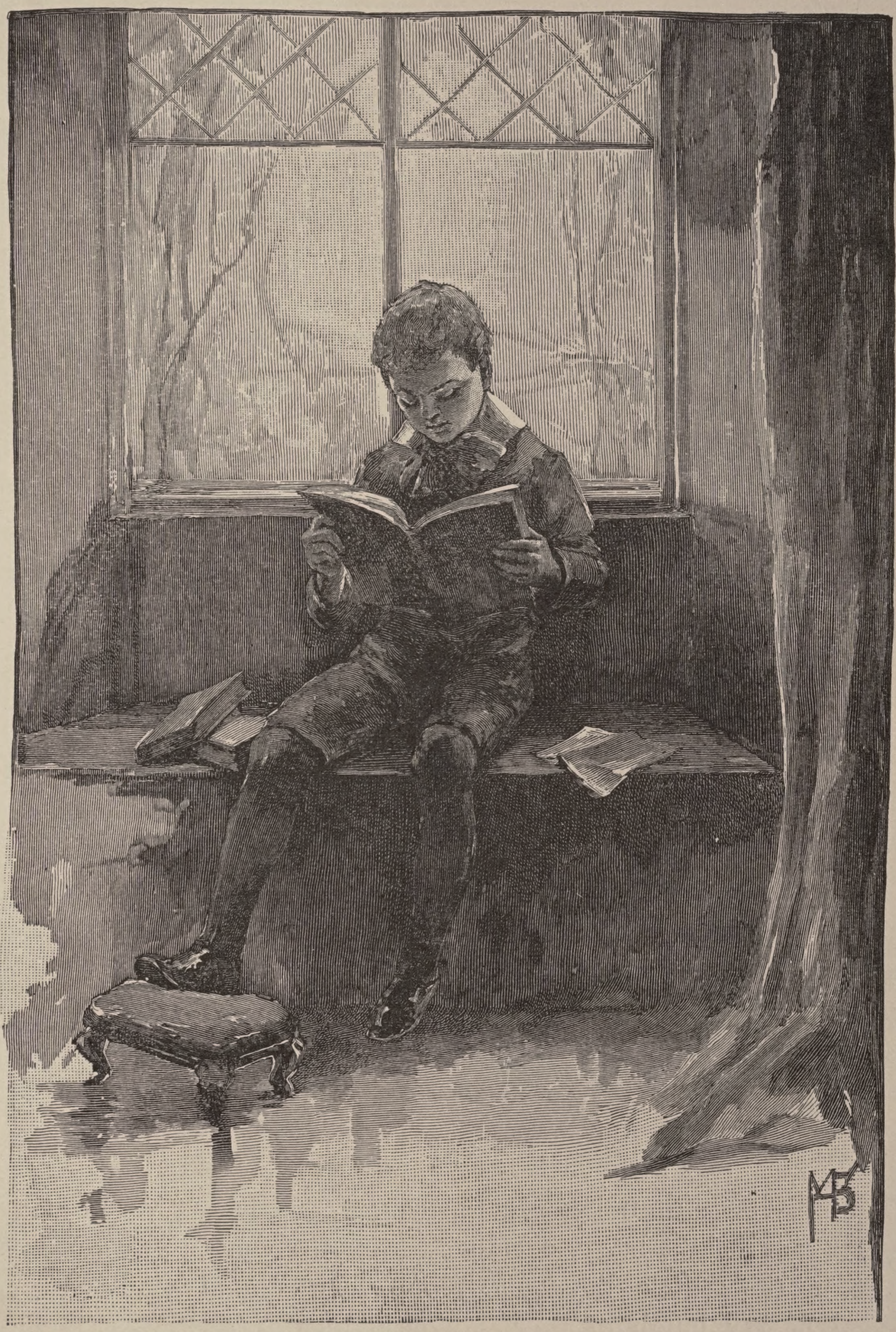
C. EMMA CHENEY



He wouldn't burst in with an Indian yell,
And shie his hat up at a peg, —
Oh, no!
He never came near tumbling into a well
While tempting the brink, on one leg, —
That's so!
The boy that I tell of is different quite;
He couldn't your feelings annoy;
He never does anything but what is right, —
This wonderful, good, little boy!

He doesn't drum tattoos on table and pane,
Nor squirm like an eel on a hook, —
Oh, no!
He studies his lessons, again and again,
No matter how hard is his book, —
That's so!
The treasure I mention, no faults ever hid,
He shines a perpetual joy!
But he doesn't live anywhere here, — if he did,
Oh, wouldn't he be a prize boy!

GEORGE COOPER.



A PRIZE BOY.

A GALA DINNER IN INDIA.

I TOLD you about the presents we received in India on New Year's day.

Now I will tell you what we did with all the good things. I used to call my head boy, or butler, and say, "Now, Ragoo, get a nice dinner ready for all the servants."

The next day, on the floor of the back verandah, you would have seen a curious sight. Sixteen round pieces of plantain leaves, on which, neatly laid, were the following things:

One pound of mutton, a quantity of rice, salt, curry stuff, and a lump of tamarind. We did not keep sixteen servants, but our "dhobie" washerman, ironman, peons (government servants who run messages), two night punkah men, — who pull the punkah, or fan-machine, all night long, to keep us cool and to keep away the mosquitoes, — the horse-keepers, an old ayah who was a pensioner, as she had gone blind in our service, with our servants, made up the number.

How pleased they all were! Little Fanny called each one in turn for his portion. In the afternoon the children of all the servants came and danced to little Fanny, singing Tamil songs.

All were dressed in their best, generally a new red or yellow petticoat and a bright-colored cotton jacket; the girls' hair as smooth and glossy as cocoanut oil could make it, generally with a garland of yellow flowers twisted in their black plaits.

After their songs and dances were ended, Fanny gave away the plantains, oranges, large slices of cake, lots of sweets, and pieces of pumelo and custard apples.

How their poor little dark faces shone with pleasure!

The native children have few pleasures, and lead a very quiet life. A string of bright beads or a new jacket given to them forms an event in their little lives. But one very seldom hears them give a good hearty laugh of thorough enjoyment.

MRS. F. F. SMITH.

A GALA DINNER IN INDIA.

THE CHILDREN'S SEASIDE.

Aren't we gay and jolly,
  Living in a tent!
We don't care for seasides,
  Where the others went.
We've a big umbrella,
  The daisy field's the sea;
With bread and jam and cookies,
  We won't starve, not we!

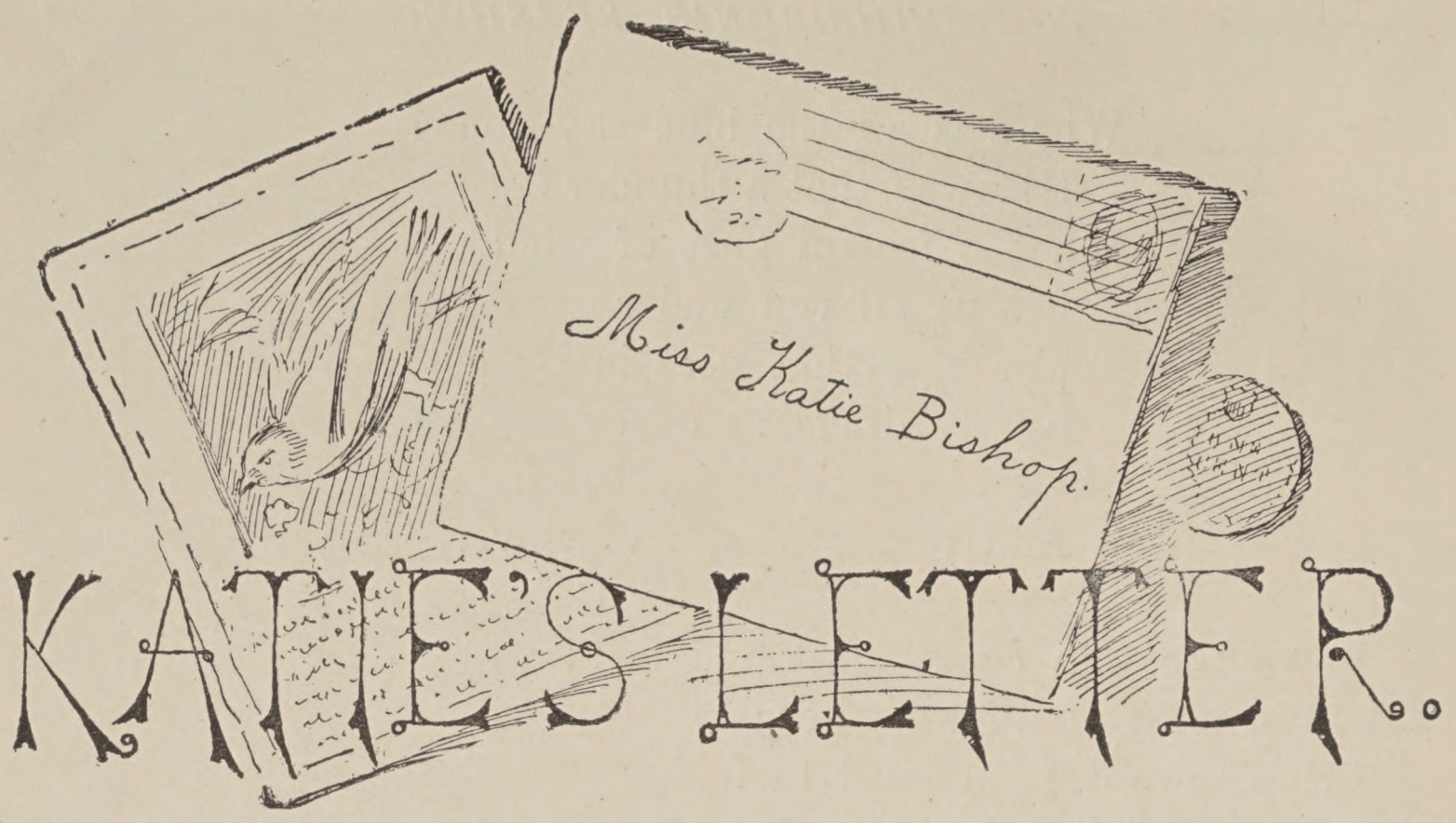
We huddle close together,
  Making b'lieve it's night;
Then we rub our sleepy eyes—
  Why, it's morning bright!
Then we scamper up and down
  The daisy field together;
That's the way we take our swim
  In this golden weather.

Where is all the blue sky gone?
  Hi! was that a thunder?
What a fearful gust of wind!
  Let us all run under
Tent-roof — that goes inside out,
  Nearly drags us over;
Skips along the daisy beach,
  And through fields of clover.

Down the rain comes, fast and fast;
  We must run for shelter;
Dripping wet from head to foot,
  We go helter-skelter.
Nannie trips and tumbles flat,
  Bess is wrecked in puddle.
Little half-drowned rats are we
  In a precious muddle.

Nursie dries and comforts us
  By the kitchen fire;
Popping corn and eating cake,
  Proudly we aspire
Our adventures to relate,
  By field and flood and thunder;
"Lucky we escaped alive,"
  Nursie says with wonder.

AMANDA M. DOUGLAS.



KATIE'S LETTER.

KATIE is a little girl just four years old. One morning her Aunt Sue took her to the post-office. They do not live in a city where the letter-carriers bring the mail to the houses, but in a large town where all have to go to the post-office to get their mail.

When they reached the office Aunt Sue asked the clerk at the window if there was a letter there for her. He went back into the room and looked. Pretty soon he came back, and said:

"Yes, there is one for you," and gave it to her. Then they went home and Aunt Sue read her letter.

One day, about a week after that, Katie was feeling very lonesome. There was no one she could play with, and she had played alone until she was tired. Aunt Sue had gone to the city for a day. All at once Katie thought: "Oh, I'll go down to the post-office and get a letter. That will be such nice fun."

She knew where the post-office was, and as the town was a quiet one, she was often allowed to go as far as that alone. She took her smallest dolly with her for company, and started out. When she came to the office she went up to the window. For quite a little while the clerk did not know she was there. She was so small that her head did not come up to the window, and he could not see her.

By and by he heard some one say in a very small voice: "Mister."

Then the clerk went to the window and saw Katie, and said:

"What do you want, little woman?"

KATIE'S LETTER.

He was a very good-natured clerk, and liked little boys and girls.

"If you please, sir," said Katie, "I want a letter."

"What is your name?" asked the clerk.

"Katie Bishop."

"Oh, yes," the man said, and went and looked in the boxes. Then he came and told Katie there was no letter for her that day.

So she had to go home without any. All the time she was wondering what the reason was that she could not get a letter like Aunt Sue. After a while she thought:

"Perhaps they have to buy them the same as they do candy. I'll go and see."

Now, that very morning Aunt Sue had given Katie a cent for doing an errand for her; and this cent, strange to say, was not yet spent, but was safe at home.

Katie went home, got the money, and came back to the office. The clerk was at the office this time, and she put her money upon the shelf, saying:

"Please, Mister, if you can buy a letter for a cent I want one."

When he heard that, the clerk laughed, and said:

"No, you can't buy a letter for a cent; but you can take your money, and go down to the store and buy some candy. Then, if you stop when you come back, I rather think there will be a letter here for you.

So Katie did as he said, and when she came back, in about ten minutes, sure enough there was a letter in a real envelope, directed in a nice plain hand to "Miss Katie Bishop." In the envelope was a lovely card with a picture and some verses on it.

Where do you suppose it could have come from?

MAX BENNET.

Cora thinks the water-lilies are the most beautiful flowers that grow. No wonder she was delighted when her papa one evening told her to be ready to go early next morning to gather some.

Shortly after sunrise Mr. and Mrs. Norton with their little daughter were rowing among the broad flat lily-leaves that float on the surface.

They soon saw dozens of the shining white beauties resting on the water. A few strokes of the oars brought the boat into the midst of them.

"O mamma," cried Cora, "let me pull one!"

"They are hard to get, my dear, and one must be very careful," said her mamma. But before she had time to stop her, Cora had reached over the side of the boat and clutched one of the slippery stems. She was back of her papa, and just as she leaned over and caught the blossom, he gave the boat a sudden movement.

Cora held on to the lily, and in an instant there was a splash, and for a moment two lively feet were all that could be seen of the little girl.

She was quickly rescued, but the gathering of lilies was spoiled for that time. She was a forlorn-looking creature. No one would have known that her dress had once been white. It was covered with the black mud of the marsh.

CORA'S ADVENTURE.

The strange part of it was that she held on to the lily and brought it into the boat.

She kept it for some time as a memento of her adventure, and laughingly told her many little friends about it, always adding that it was a very costly lily.

MRS. J. S. LOWE.

RUTH AND HER DOG–TEAM.

Ruth had a fine large dog and a sled. Her father, about Christmas, had a pretty harness made for the dog, thinking that he was large enough to draw either Ruth or Clara on the sled whenever the sidewalks were covered with snow.

On Christmas day the girls made their first attempt at riding with a dog to draw them instead of a horse.

Nero was very fond of the little girls and would let them do anything in the world with him. But, kind as he was, Nero had not been trained to the harness, and after going a few rods he stopped and refused to go any farther. He sat down in the harness, and nothing could induce him to move. Ruth was the older of the two girls, and she undertook to give Nero a lesson. Breaking a stick from an apple-tree in the door yard, she struck the dog a smart blow.

He had never been struck before, and it made him very angry. The result was that he made a plunge into the middle of the road, upsetting the sled and dragging it after him till he was out of sight. Some time after his two young drivers found him in the stable, where he was evidently trying to hide from his tormentors. He seemed quite disgusted with this new experience.

When the father of the little girls came home to dinner he was surprised to learn what had happened. After the meal was over he said to them, "Now let us see what I can do. This is strange business for you, isn't it, Nero? Poor fellow!" These words drew a responsive wag of the tail from Nero. Mr. S. then patted him kindly, and by dint of a little coaxing he allowed himself to be harnessed once more, for it is hardly necessary to say that the girls had unharnessed him after their unsuccessful attempts to drive him.

Walking slowly, and speaking gently to the dog from time to time,

Mr. S. finally reached his place of business, with Nero close behind him. Then he unharnessed him and gave him a mat to lie down upon in a snug corner. Just before it was time for him to start home for tea he telephoned to Ruth to come to the store.

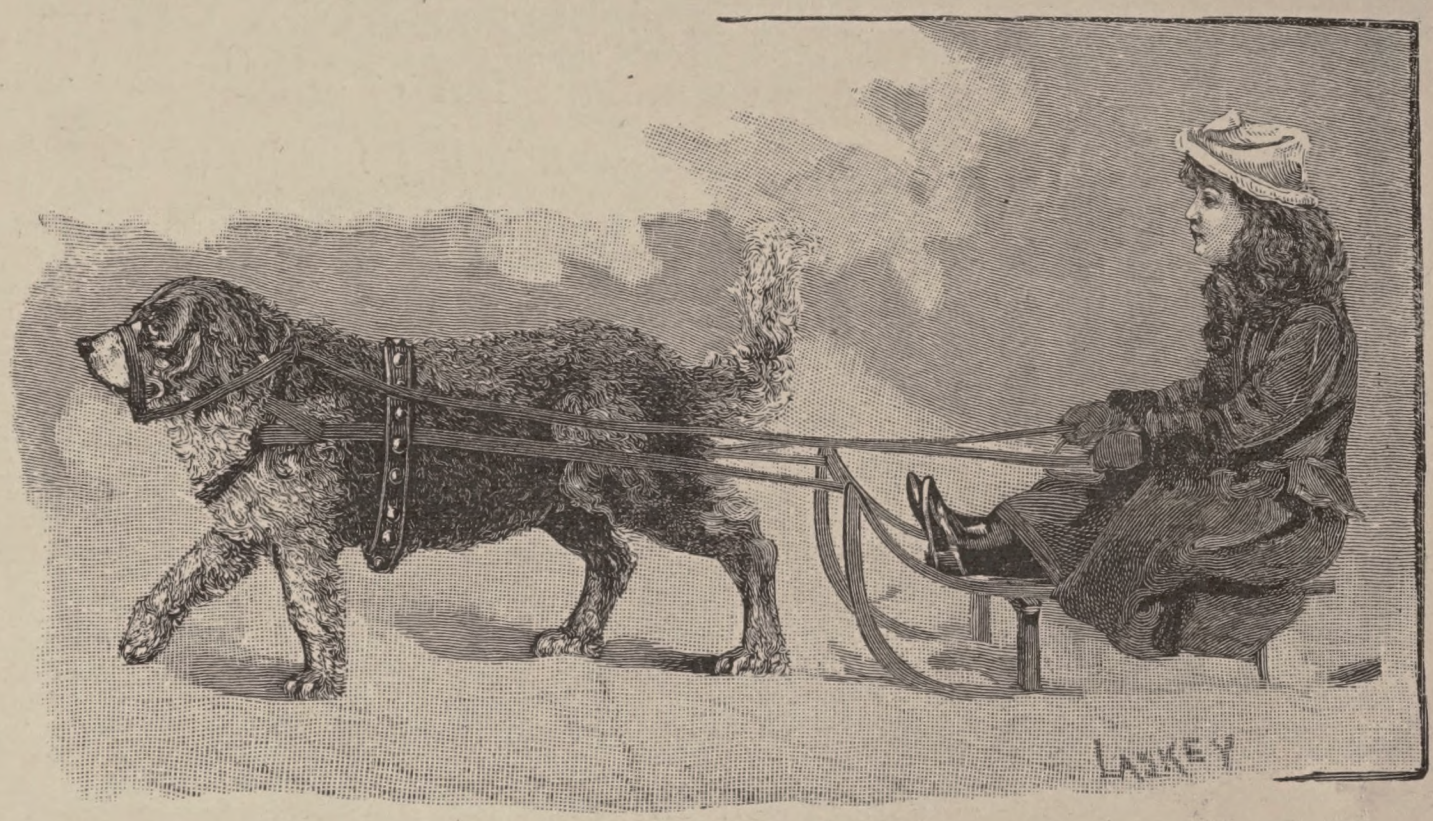
Then he harnessed Nero and started. This time he held the reins, standing behind the cart, and walking, for of course he was far too heavy to ride. When about half way home he met Ruth

"O father," said she, "how beautifully Nero behaves now! What have you done to him?"

"I have treated him kindly, my daughter. I have led him where you tried to drive him. The dog did not know what you wanted of him. Now get in and let us see how he will act.

Nero trudged quietly along home, Mr. S. walking just ahead of him.

"There now," said he, "Nero begins to know what he is expected to do. Don't strike him again. If he forgets how to conduct himself



go before him and call him. Remember this as long as you live. You can lead a dog when you cannot drive him. And more than that, my daughter, you can lead people with kind words, when you cannot drive them an inch."

In a week's time Nero was completely broken and would trot along the sidewalk very rapidly, seeming to enjoy drawing Ruth as much as she enjoyed riding. They never misunderstood each other again, and now I think that Ruth, as she grows up to womanhood, will remember her misunderstanding with Nero, and will try gently and kindly to lead people, for she has learned that neither dogs nor human beings enjoy compulsion.

A. B. C.

Mama's Little Butterfly.

A BIG sister helps the fun
When she loves the Little One.
Belle and May are such a pair;
Both are sweet, and both are fair.
Belle is eight, and May is three —
A wee midget full of glee.
Her slow wandering for hours
In among the garden flowers
Won the name we call her by:
"Mamma's Little Butterfly."

In the summer-house one day
Very still were Belle and May,
For so long, we said: "No doubt
It's some mischief they're about!"
Mamma peeped in, and the view
Made her smile, and wonder too.
There stood May in quaint array,
'Mid a spreading palm, and yet
So among the broad leaves set,
As if lightly poised on one,
And just full of smothered fun!

Belle around her waist had bound
A broad sash with golden ground;
On each shoulder a vast fan —
Gayest gift of gay Japan;

MAMMA'S LITTLE BUTTERFLY.

And a red fez on her head,
With long "feelers" from it spread.
"Now," said Belle, with laughing eyes,
"We'll give mamma a surprise."

I guess she surprised them more;
Rushing through the opening door
She snatched May out, with a kiss
"Ha! What winged thing is this?'
She exclaims; and both reply:
"Mamma's Little Butterfly!"

GEO. S. BURLEIGH.

MARY'S LITTLE LAMB.

TED'S MEMORIAL DAY.

Sir John was a handsome shepherd dog that had belonged to Mr. Northcote. Not far down the street lived a little dog that was very deaf. He was always getting into trouble. Sir John always took his part, and fought many a battle for him.

One day as Sir John was walking down the street, a runaway team came dashing around the corner. The little deaf dog stood

right in the way, and would have been killed but for Sir John, who rushed headlong toward him, barking with all his might. The little dog was saved, but Sir John was lamed for life. He lived several years, and was petted by everybody. When he died, a grave was made for him under the cherry-tree in one corner of the orchard.

Mr. Northcote told this story of Sir John to his little nephew, Ted.

Ted thought about it a great deal, and when Memorial Day came his plans were all made.

About two o'clock in the afternoon you might have seen a company of six little boys march in solemn file through the front gate, down the orchard path to the cherry-tree. Teddy led the company, slowly beating his drum. Each boy carried a little bunch of wild-flowers.

At the head of the grave Ted had set a piece of new board bearing the words: "Faithful Sir John."

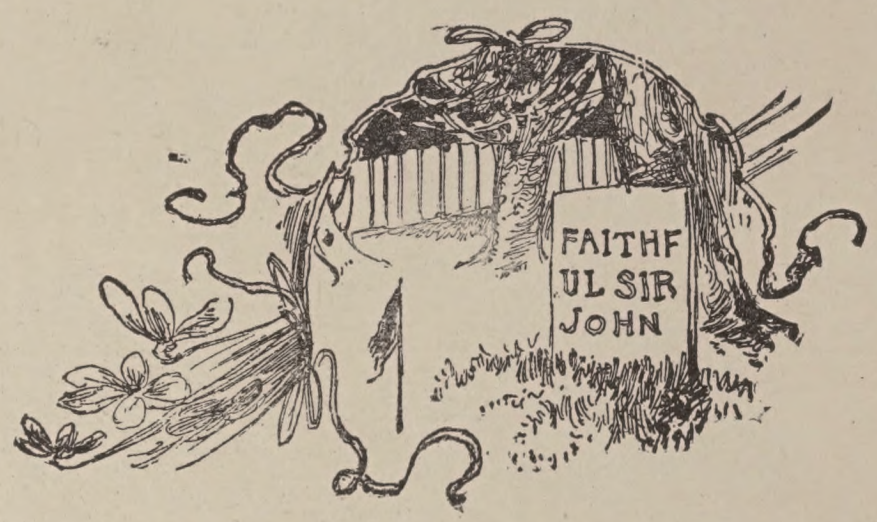
At the foot of the grave waved a little flag.

The boys stopped under the tree, and Teddy said : —

"Here lies a dog that always took the part of weak and sick dogs, and was lamed for life in saving a poor, deaf dog from being killed. Let us strew his grave with flowers."

Then each boy dropped his flowers, the drum began to beat, and the little procession moved slowly away, all thinking tenderly of the hero Sir John.

AMELIA A. FROST.



A LITTLE BEAU.

I HAVE such a dear little beau,
With eyes that are black as the sloe,
And lips with the strawberry's glow ;
  His aprons and stockings are checked ;
  I'm sure you would never suspect
That with kisses and hugs he'd be slow ;
But he is, tho' he says he's my beau.

When first in the morning he's seen,
He's always most painfully clean ;
At noon he's betwixt and between.

But when the birds bid him "Good-night,'
His dear little face is a fright,
And his hands are a spectacle quite,
With smudges of purple and green,
Or black as a boiler-machine.

I hear his sweet laughter to-day
Ring out like a bobolink gay,
With shaggy old Bruno at play;
He's ready enough to hug him,
With a heart full of love to the brim,—
That toothless old dog that's so grim,
And I'm sure would be dreadfully gray,
If doggies were ever that way.

But I know, Mr. Dog, how to buy
A soft glance from that beautiful eye
And kisses and hugs, if I try:
  No need of sweet figures of speech,—
  With an apple, a cooky, a peach,
  The core of his heart I can reach.
But I could just sit down and cry,
To think that to have, I must buy.

CLARA G. DOLLIVER

Skipping Song
E. S. Tucker
Skippety-Hop! Skippety-hop.
Up-the-Street-and-down
Hoppety-Skip! Hoppety-Skip!
Spring-has-come-to-town.
Over-and-over. Up-and-down,
Two-the-Rope-to-Flip,
Two-in-the-Middle-Sing-as-they-go
"Skippety-Skippety-Skip!"

TIDDLETY-WINKS.

TIDDLETY–WINKS,
And winks, and winks;
He sits on the floor
And thinks, and thinks;
And if he's not cooing,
There's mischief a-brewing;
And he looks in your eyes
With a big surprise;
And he reckons you'll do,
For he thinks you think he's cute.
You do! I too!

A queer little tot is Tiddlety-winks!
And he sminks his nose,
And shrinks his toes;
And he knows when you bake
The pies and the cake;
And he climbs on the table
As soon as he's able;
And he thinks you'll do,
And I reckon you know he knows he's cute.
You do! I too!

TIDDLETY-WINKS.

Oh, Tiddlety-wink
Is a dear little pink!
He'll sing and whistle,
And whistle and sing,
Like a gay bobolink;
He'll worry his pa
And tease his ma;
And I verily think
He knows you think he thinks he's cute.
You do! I too!

And now, little mother,
Young Tiddlety-wink,
With eyes like his pa's
And nose like his ma's,
When he sings and whistles,
And whistles and sings,
Don't you really think
He's emperor, king!
And "just too cute for anything"?
I reckon you do; he does; I do.
A-goo! a-doo! Tiddlety-wink.

RHODA WEST.

ON THE SLEEPER.

KATIE and Freddy were going with their mother to visit Aunt Amy, who lived five hundred miles away.

"Going to sleep in a sleeping-car!" Katie told everybody, gleefully; but when they saw it they were disappointed. They had expected to see beds all ready to sleep in; but mamma told them to wait and see.

She asked a porter to bring them a table, which he fastened firmly between their two seats, and they ate their nice lunch very cosily. "Better than supper tastes at home," Freddy chuckled.

After that they were so anxious for the sleeping part to begin that they wanted to go to bed immediately. They took another seat

while the porter transformed theirs into the most delightful-looking little white bed, and hung long curtains before it. "E—ee!" Katie couldn't help squealing.

Mamma thought the children would be frightened if they should

wake in the night and find themselves alone, with the train rushing on, so she decided to stay with them, if they were rather crowded.

With what laughing, and wriggling, and delightful frolicking were they finally settled for the night! They wanted to stay awake and enjoy it longer, but they found that the sand-man had his eye on small children even in sleeping-cars.

But in the morning it was great fun peeping out between the curtains to see when the other people were getting up, and looking through the window at the swift-flying trees and fences. And when they were dressed, there was the little room where they could wash their faces and comb their hair, just as if they had been at home, and where mamma made them fresh and sweet as two roses.

They had breakfast in the dining-car; and afterwards the good-natured colored porter took them through the train and showed them the closets in which he kept the bedding and towels. In some of the cars they saw other little children; and a lady gave them each an orange.

And then it was time to get on hats and coats, and make ready to get off. They felt quite mournful at leaving the sleeping-car and the porter, but there was the happy thought of Aunt Amy, and still beyond that, the journey home again.

EMMA A. OPPER.

Did you ever hear that once on a time
There lived a little Bo-peep,
Whose cats ran away, on a summer day,
Instead of her woolly sheep?

She looked on the hills, and hunted the plains,
But never a cat was there;
Till at last, dear! dear! in a swamp quite near,
A sight that made her despair!

For there on a stalk was each lovely tail,
All beautiful golden-brown ;
And there to this day they hang, they say,
Just out from the busy town.

But I think they were not real, truly cats,
Or else, like the sheep, you know,
Leave them alone, and they'd wear them home,
And not leave them there to grow.

G. P. DU BOIS

WHY JOHNNIE DIDN'T LIKE SQUASH.

It was a great, golden squash that looked like a round-faced sun half hidden among green leaves as it lay in the garden. It was a wonderful squash, the largest that had ever been seen in that county, and Grandpa Ferris declared that it must go to the county fair, where he was sure it would take the blue ribbon.

Johnnie thought so too, and he told his best friend Amos about it on one of their daily visits to the squash to see how much it had grown in the night.

"Wouldn't it look fine with a flag right in the middle of it?" asked Johnnie.

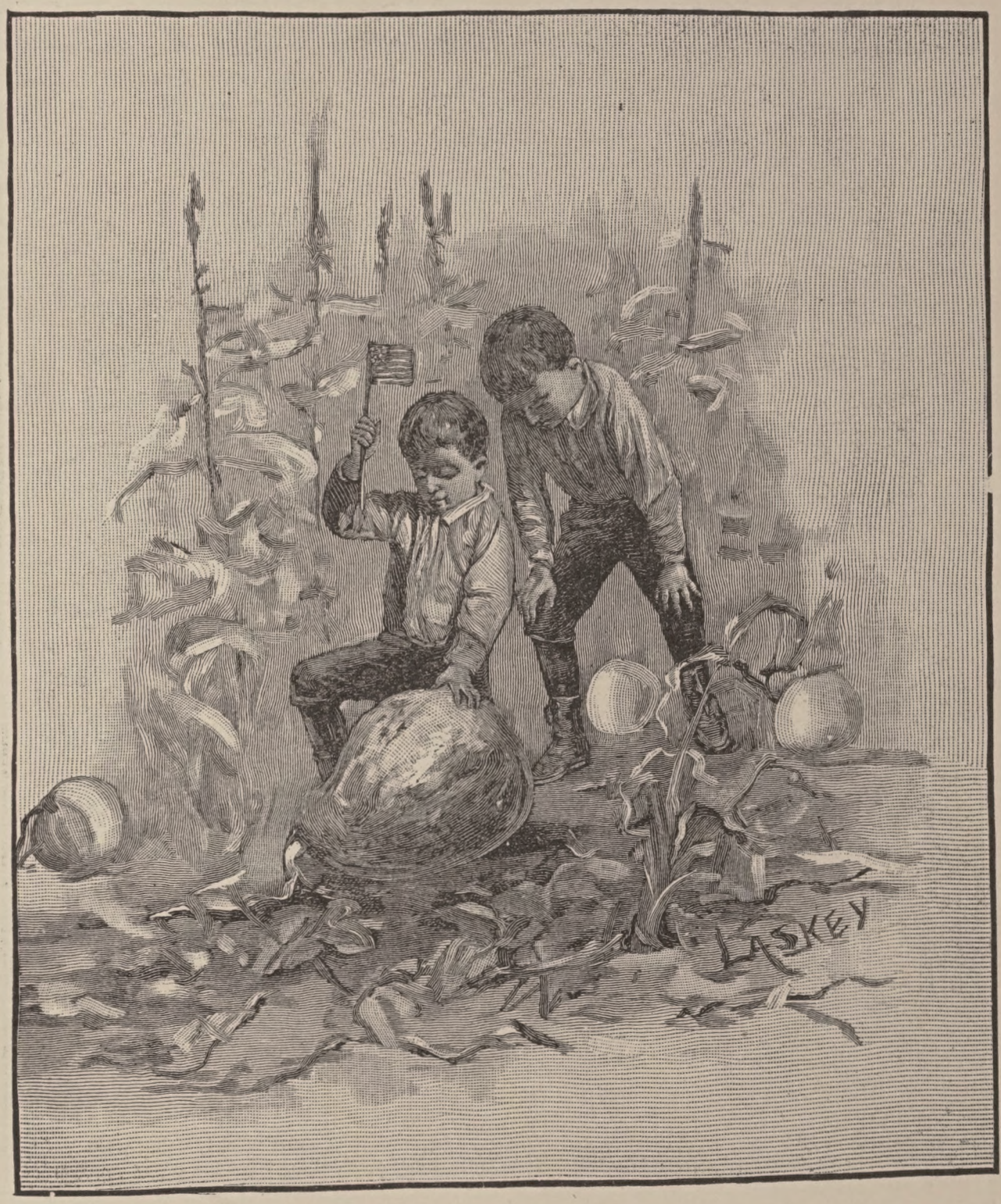
"Yes," said Amos, "but your grandpa might not be willing."

"Pooh!" replied Johnnie; "I should think he'd be glad to have the squash look pretty. I s'pect he'd do it himself, but he never thought of it."

The flag was brought and driven into the squash several times before it was in just the right place. Each time it was pulled out it left a jagged hole which Johnnie filled up with dirt.

"Now let's build a fence around it like the one around the soldier's monument in the park," he suggested; and Amos, ready to do whatever Johnnie did, helped to drive in a row of little sticks around the flag.

"There, that looks beautiful!" said Johnnie, and then ran off. He forgot all about it until grandpa told him that he had ruined the

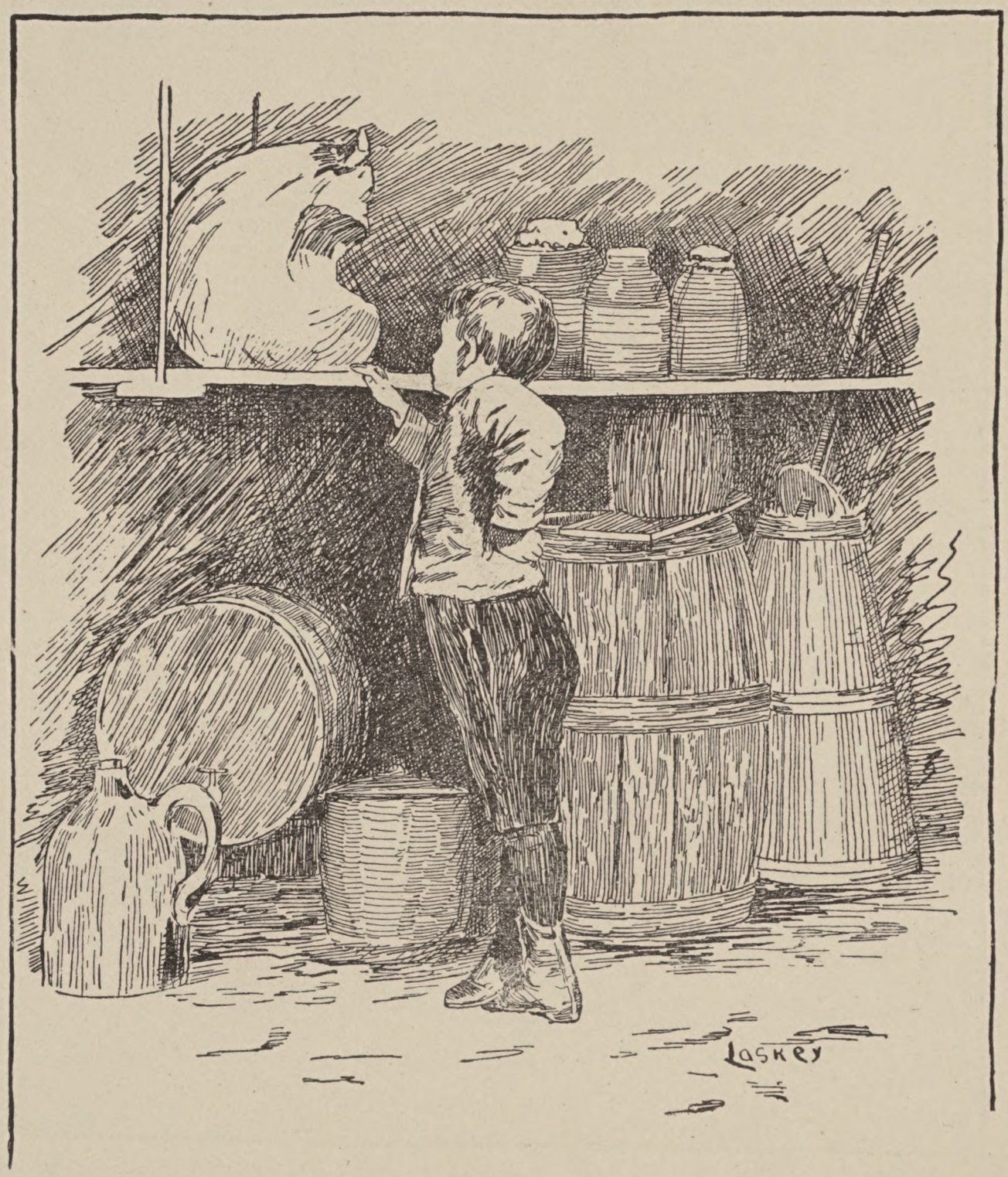


squash, — it could not go to the fair, — and for a punishment he must eat it all up.

"That's not bad," thought Johnnie, and sat down quite cheerfully to a breakfast of stewed squash. Squash for dinner was not bad either; but a supper of squash was tiresome. He ran down cellar to look at

it as it stood on the shelf. Such a very small piece cut out of it too! At that rate it would last for weeks. How could he ever eat it all?

At the end of the second day it was such a pale, dejected little boy



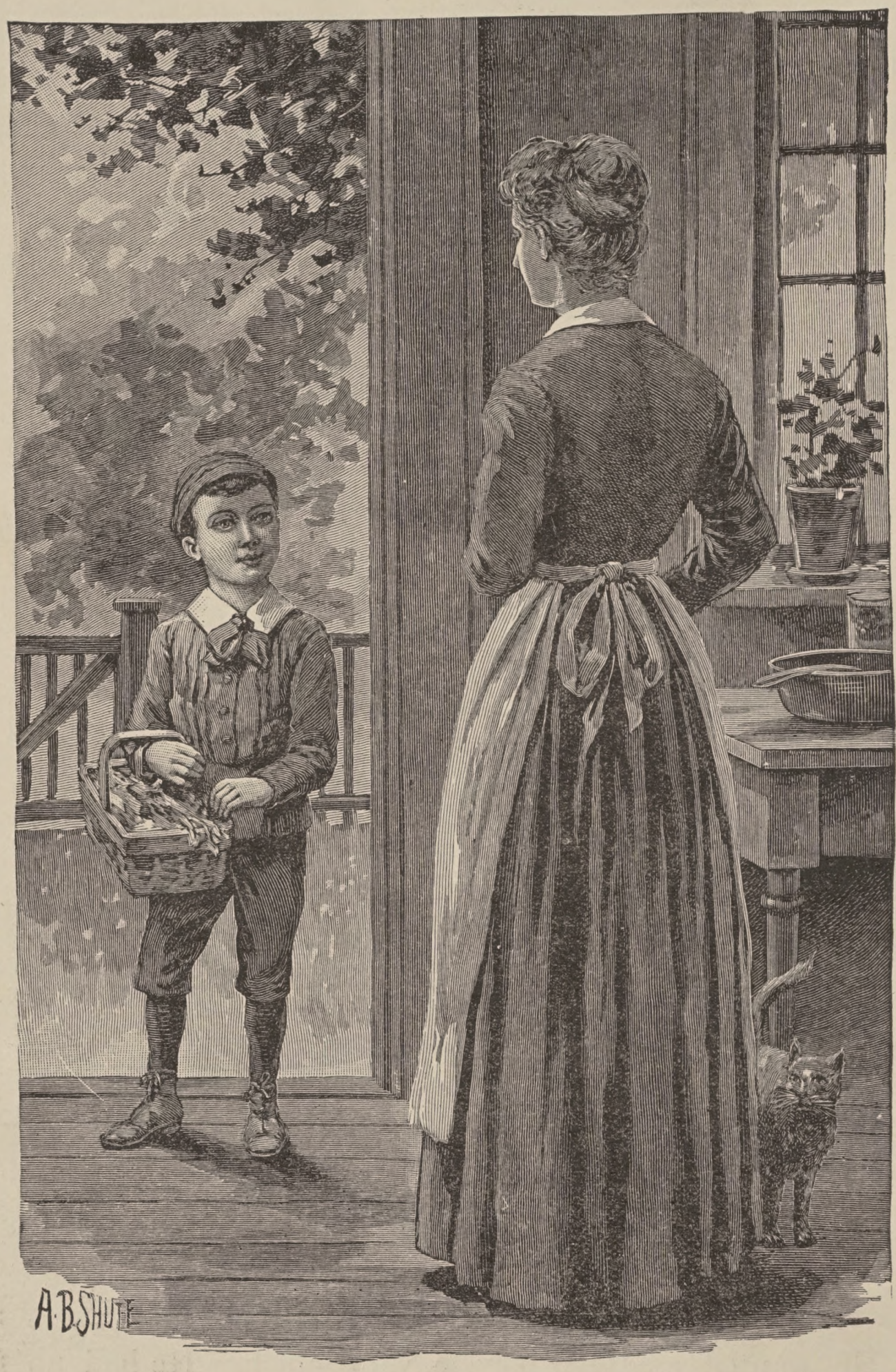
that sat down to a supper of squash that grandpa relented and thought he had been punished enough. Johnnie was sure he had, and he told Amos over the fence the next day that he never should forget it, even if he was a big man; and he never has.

LOUISE THRUSH BROOKS

AN AMBITIOUS BOY.

In a village not many miles from Boston lived a little boy named Leo. He wanted a Safety bicycle very much. He had no father, and his mother could not afford to buy it for him. She told him if he could earn the greater part of the money it would cost, she would give him five dollars towards it. This encouraged him, for he already had five dollars in his bank, and with ten dollars to start

AN AMBITIOUS BOY.



with he thought he could earn the rest of the money. The price of the bicycle was thirty-five dollars, which left twenty-five dollars for him to earn.

This is the way he did it: his mother told him if he would take the care of her hens, he might have all the eggs to sell that she did not want to use herself. As her family was small, she did not need many. He sold all that were not required, at a large boarding-house, where the housekeeper was willing to pay him a fair price for them and take all that he could bring her.

In the fields around the village a great many dandelions grew in the spring, and during his vacation Leo took his basket and knife, and dug these from the ground day after day. After his mother had cleaned them for him, he sold them at the houses in the village.

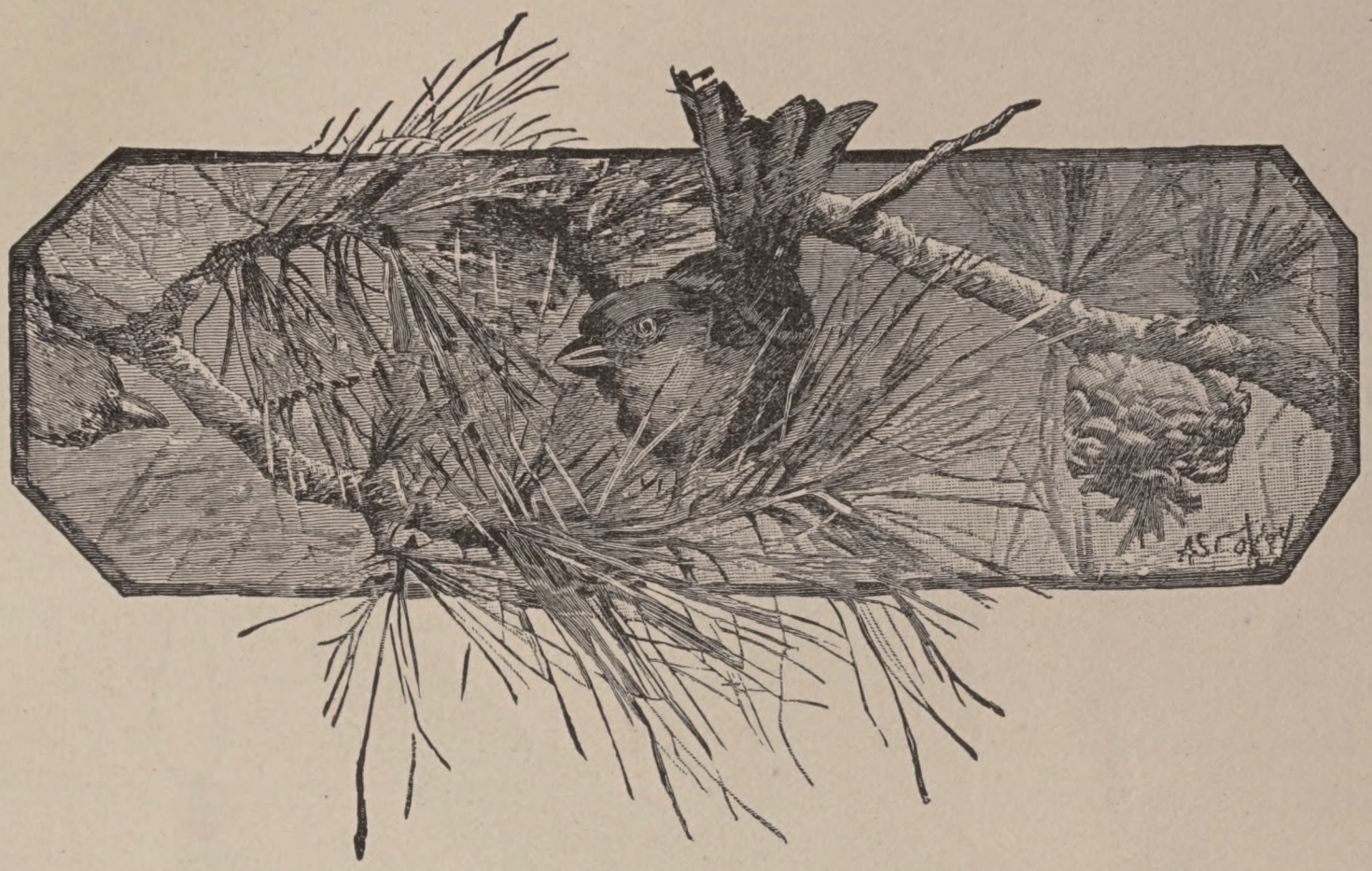
When the time came to plant a garden, a friend who already had a bicycle offered to help him; so they planted lettuce, cucumbers, early squashes, and tomatoes. With the rhubarb which grew in the garden, these gave him quite a variety to sell during the summer.

Some of the people in the village took a great interest in Leo's bicycle, and often gave him an extra nickel to encourage him, when making change with him.

By working in this way and saving his money, he finally earned enough to buy the bicycle; and I think the little readers of this story can imagine how happy he was when he rode it home from the place where it was bought.

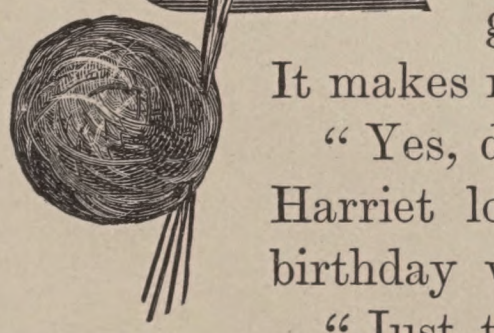
E. F. T

THE FAIRIES' GIFT.



THE FAIRIES' GIFT.

LAST Christmas Harriet's grandma came over to spend the day. She brought a red silk bag with a big ball of yarn in it, and a shining set of steel knitting-needles. They twinkled and glinted at Harriet from the top of the bag, as it hung in the sun on the tall post of grandma's chair.



"Dear me!" sighed Harriet. "I'm sure grandma means them for me. Hateful things! It makes me tired to look at them!"

"Yes, dear, it is for you," said grandma, as she saw Harriet looking at the bag. "You know your tenth birthday will come pretty soon."

"Just the same as General Washington's, grandma!" cried Harriet eagerly, thinking of a present she would like very much on that day. "But he didn't have to knit — not as ever I heard of."

"He did his duty, whatever it was, dear," said grandma kindly; "and it is yours to learn to be useful, and help mamma knit and sew."

"Wouldn't it be wise, grandma, if the fairies could bring our stockings and frocks all sewed and knit?"

Grandma laughed. "No, no, my dear! That would never do. But I believe in fairies, too, and if you take hold and knit this yarn

into a pair of stockings for yourself, — there's just enough, — these fairies I am thinking of will bring you something that you want very much."

"Are you sure, grandma?" queried Harriet.

"Certain and true!"

"But how can they, grandma? Tell me how!" insisted Harriet.

"You'll see." And grandma's eyes twinkled merrily.

A stocking was "set up," and the nimble fingers began their long journey, — "click, click!" The needles seemed to chuckle at the little girl's distress, and Harriet was almost tempted to throw her stocking, ball and all, into the well at the barn. Only the thought of the fairies kept her fingers going.

At the end of a month grandma "toed-off" the first stocking Then the ball began to dwindle very fast, and the two big anxious wrinkles above Harriet's nose began to dwindle, too, till finally on her birthday there was but little left of either. She took her bag on her arm and went over to grandma's for another "toeing-off."

Grandma was knitting a double mitten before the fire, and Harriet brought her little chair up to grandma's knee. Away went their needles, — click, click! clatter, clatter! The flames leaped and danced, the coals snapped, the teakettle sang a tune.

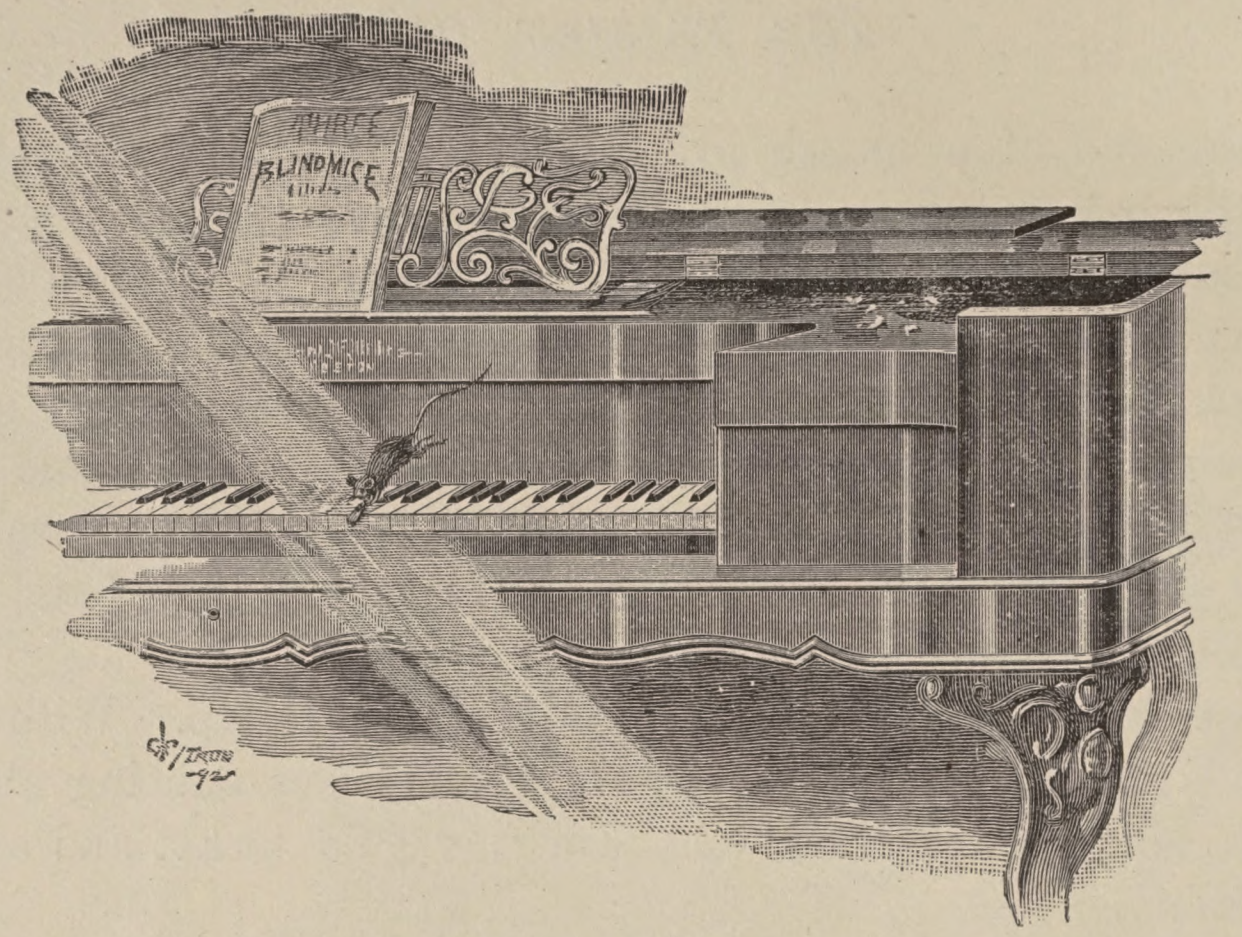
All at once there was a "chink" in Harriet's lap. With a shout the little girl hopped out of her chair and went dancing about the kitchen, holding high in her hand a tiny gold locket and a slender gold chain.

"And to think, grandma, 't was right in the middle of my ball all the time!" cried Harriet. "But you said the fairies would bring it, grandma."

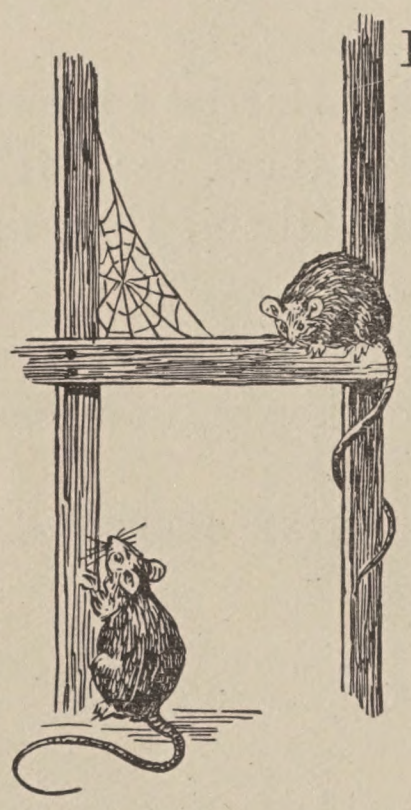
"So they did, dear," laughed grandma, spreading Harriet's brown fingers on her knee. "See, here they are! And these ten little fairies will work greater wonders, if you will let them, than all the fairies in a whole shopful of story-books."

"Just my own fingers, after all!" thought Harriet, as she ran over the snow toward home, her red silk bag swinging on her arm and her "fairy" gift about her throat.

CHRISTINE STEPHENS



A TINY THIEF.



HE was the sweetest three-year-old Laddie imaginable, and dear beyond belief to his father and mother. Yet for three days they really thought he had either hidden or destroyed a one-hundred-dollar bill which they needed very badly.

He certainly was the only other one in the room when papa handed it to mamma, saying, "You'll make this go as far as possible, dear," and she from her seat at the piano replied, "Yes, indeed I will."

Then Katie, the cook asked to see her in the kitchen. She went out, leaving the money on the piano. Laddie was the only one left in the room.

A great many things kept her in the back part of the house, and when through with them it was quite dark. Papa was coming down from his study ready for his six-o'clock dinner. Only when Laddie had been put to bed and she and Mr. May returned to the parlor did she remember her hundred-dollar bill, and hurried to the piano to get it.

"Oh, dear, how careless I am!" she exclaimed. You may be sure

Papa May agreed with her, especially when they discovered that neither on the piano nor anywhere else could that money be found. They looked in all sorts of places. The front door being fastened,

no one could have got in that way. The nurse was out. Their good, faithful Katie had not been out of mamma's sight for a moment before dinner. Papa himself had not left the parlor, and they came to the conclusion that Laddie was the guilty one.

They questioned him that night, but he was too sleepy to answer them. In the morning he stoutly asserted both his ignorance and innocence. Still, as there was no one else to blame, he might have remained under suspicion always if it had not been that a few nights

after, mamma was awakened by hearing some one down in the parlor striking a high C upon the piano. "Oh, papa, get up!" she cried; and together they went in search of the intruder. Again the search seemed useless to her, but papa suddenly noticing fragments of paper scattered over the piano-strings, lifted the lid and found the thief.

The thief was a little mother-mouse, with a helpless family around her. As part of the nest in which they were cradled, really and truly was that one-hundred-dollar bill which Laddie was thought to have taken.

HESTER VICKERY BROWN.

"WHAT a queer picture!" said Charlie. "Look, mamma, a man holding an umbrella over a horse, in the barn, too!"

"The story is true, though," answered mamma. "A gentleman owned a pretty horse, gentle and spirited, good in every way except that she was afraid of an open umbrella, and unsafe when she saw one. He was unwilling to whip the horse; besides, he had sense enough to know it would only make her more afraid and unruly. He tried to contrive some way to get her over her fear. She was very fond of potatoes. He went into her stall one morning, carrying an umbrella closed, with a potato on the tip. At first she shied away from it, but with waiting and coaxing, she came nearer, looked wistfully at it, and finally snatched it off.

"The next day he did the same thing, and she took the potato with less fear.

"So he kept on, and in a few days he opened the umbrella a little

way ; then more and more as she grew used to it, till she would stand still with it open over her head.

"But he was not yet sure what she would do outdoors. The first rainy day he tried driving on the road. Of course, he soon met a man with an open umbrella. Instead of shying, she crossed the road towards it, expecting to get a potato. She had one when she came home, and never afterwards showed any fear of an umbrella.

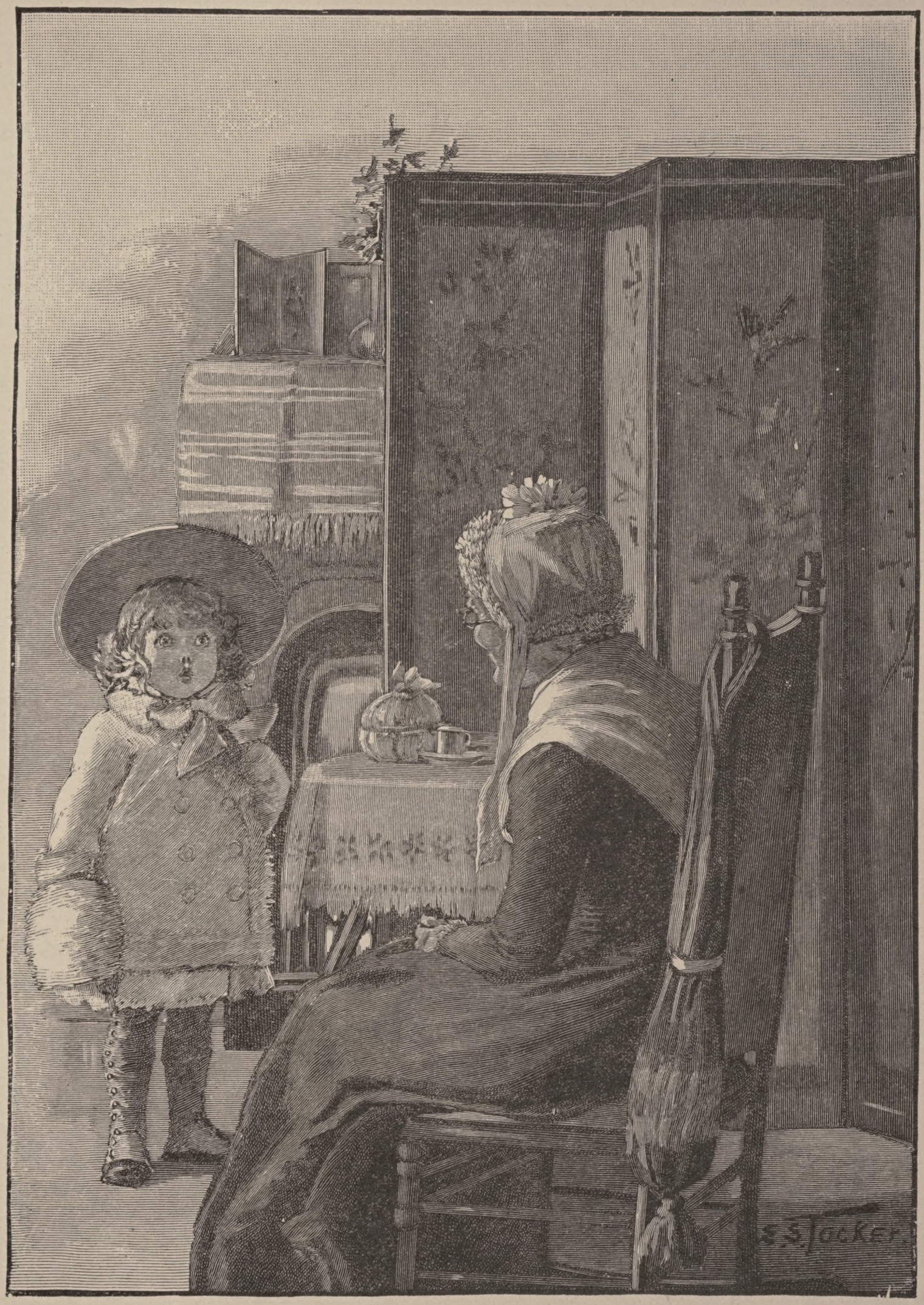
"Kindness and patience are wisest always."

MRS. MARY JOHNSON.

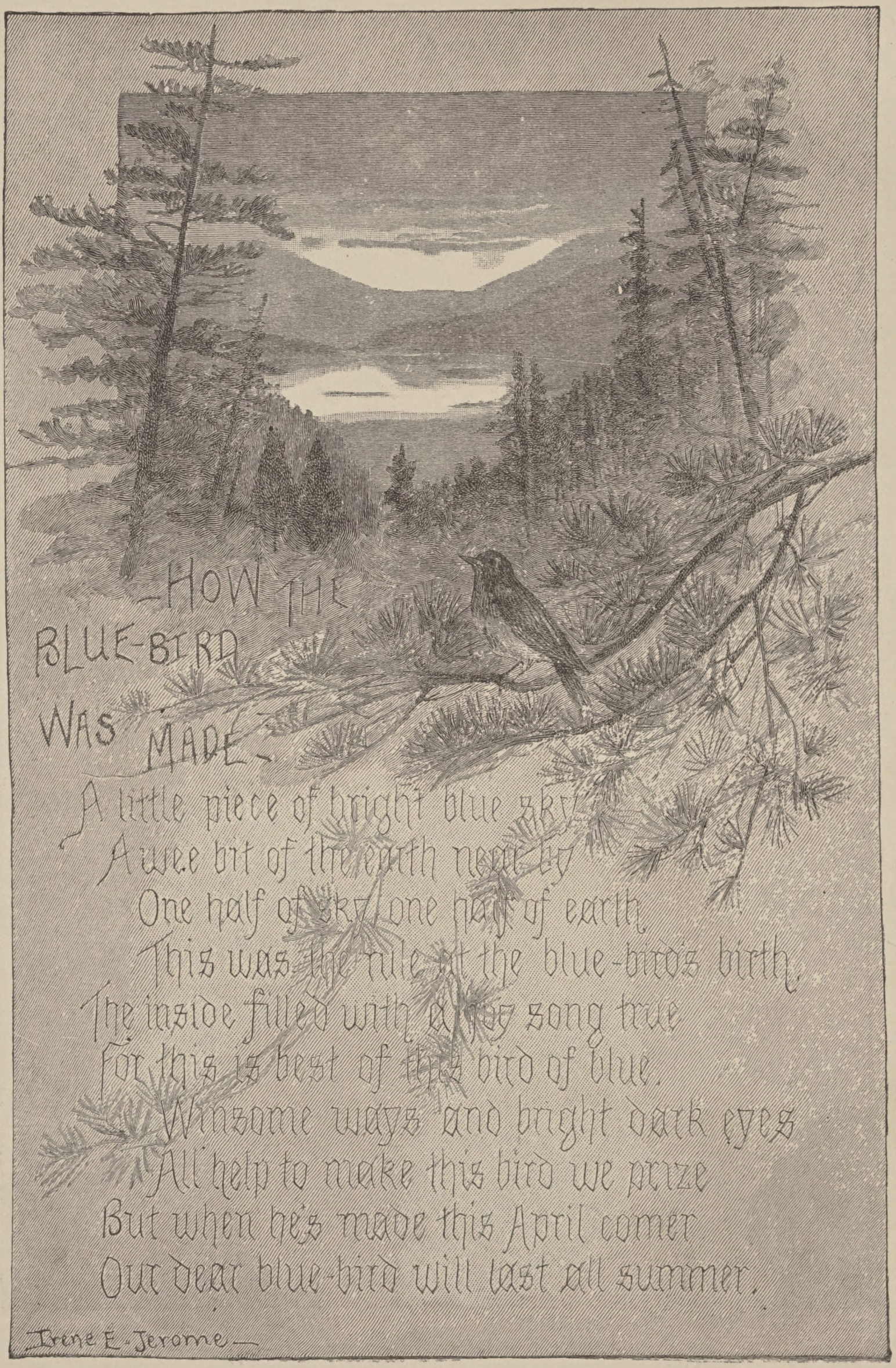
A LITTLE GREAT GRANDMOTHER.

Bettina Berry went to see
Her mother's mother's mother.
"Now this is a surprise," said she;
"I cannot guess how it can be.
Mamma, you know, is pretty small,
And grandmamma is stout and tall.
A true great grandmamma could not
Go through a common door, I thought;
But you're like any other."

LAVINIA S. GOODW N



A LITTLE GREAT GRANDMOTHER.



HOW THE BLUE-BIRD WAS MADE.

A little piece of bright blue sky
A wee bit of the earth nearby
One half of sky, one half of earth,
This was the tile at the blue-bird's birth.
The inside filled with a gay song true
For this is best of this bird of blue.
Winsome ways and bright dark eyes
All help to make this bird we prize
But when he's made this April comer
Our dear blue-bird will last all summer.

Irene E. Jerome.

BERT AND BETH.

Bert and Beth were twins. They both had blue eyes and long flaxen curls. They were bright, interesting children, and were seldom found in real mischief. One day they were playing in the attic, their favorite resort, when they spied an open trunk. Mamma had lots of old treasures stored in it; she had that day been examining them, and had left the trunk open to air it.

Beth drew out a brocaded silk skirt, and at once put it on. Then she found a long white veil, the very one grandma wore on her wedding day. Next came a pair of white kid gloves, yellow with age, and very much too large for her, but she drew them on her hands. Bert threw the veil over her head just as he had once seen a bride in church. Beth declared her toilet was complete, and began rummag-

ing again for something for Bert. Nothing satisfactory appeared, except a large figured dressing-gown, with elaborate cord and tassels, and a hat which they said looked just like George Washington's.

The coat was put on, and pronounced elegant, though it trailed a half yard or more on the floor; and Beth had to take off her gloves to pin up the sleeves.

They stole softly downstairs, intending to surprise mamma; but she had gone out.

"Well, never mind," said Beth, surveying herself in the mirror; "you take papa's cane, and we will go over and surprise Aunt Nellie."

Now, Aunt Nellie lived a number of blocks away. It must be confessed that Bert did not relish the idea of walking down street in such a dress; but Beth declared he looked just splendid, and so he yielded, as he usually did.

It made Beth's arms ache to hold up the heavy skirt, and she could

not walk with it, trailing about her feet. Then it was not pleasant to have everybody stare at them, and laugh. Often they were spoken to by those they did not know.

Bert waddled along like a fat duck, and his hat was constantly dropping over his eyes. They were both ready to cry when Uncle Ned met them, carried them off to his studio, took their pictures, and then went home with them.

LIZZIE MAY SHERWOOD.

THE PRINCE.

A STRANGE FELLOW-PASSENGER.

STRANGE things happen sometimes on board ship. Many years ago an English officer was coming home from the East Indies in a ship with many other passengers. There were several animals on board, and amongst them, safely shut up in a large wooden cage, was a fine young black leopard for the Zoölogical Gardens. The man who had charge of it had caught it when very young, and was looking forward to selling it for a large sum in London, as it was a beautiful creature.

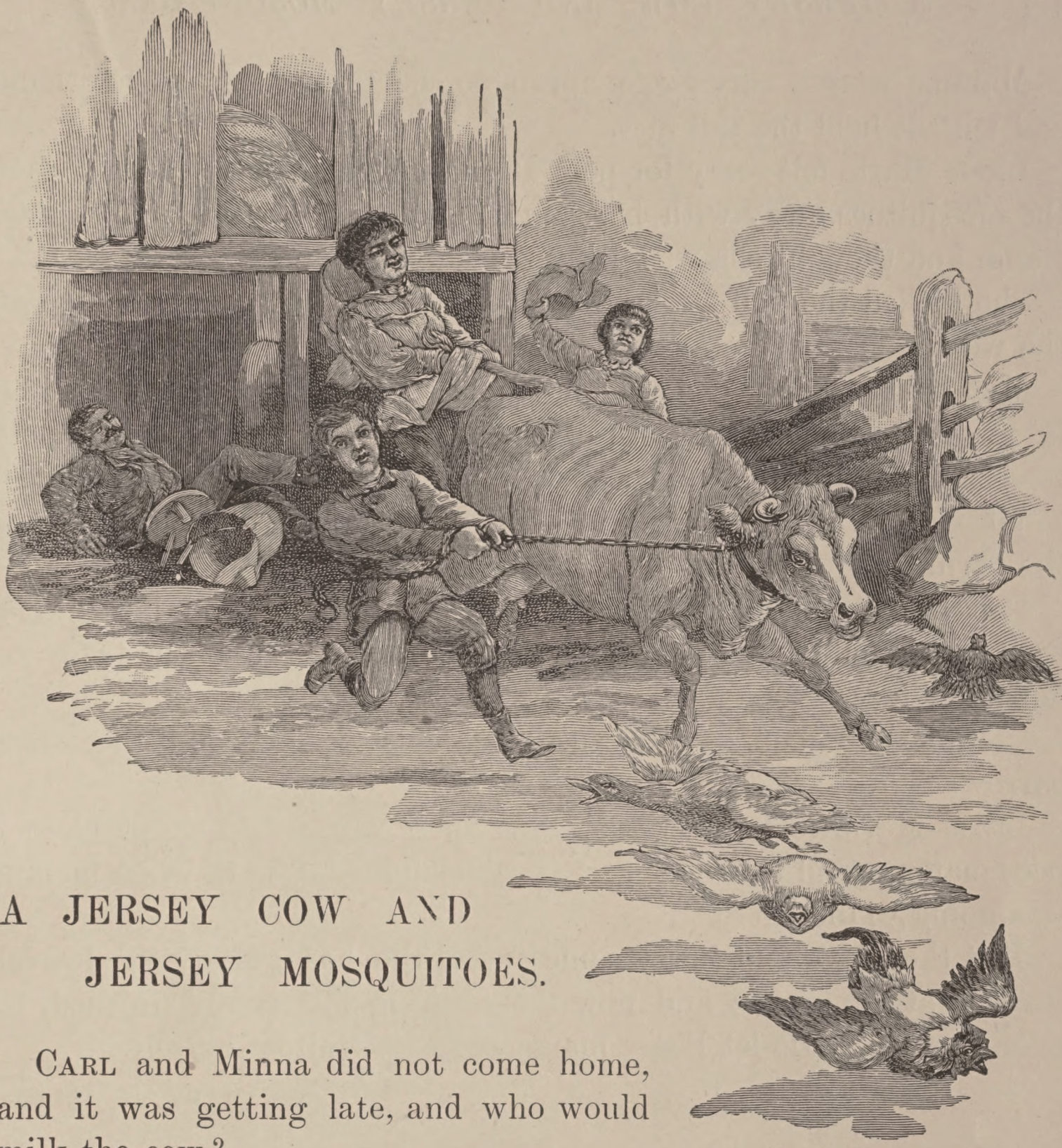
It happened, however, that the officer had with him a small fox-terrier named Pincher, a great favorite, but always in mischief, like many little folks. One stormy night the dog, who was brave enough to attack anything, amused himself by snapping and snarling at the leopard through the bars of its cage. He thought it fine fun until he had made it so mad with rage that it broke its chains, and burst its way out. It stood upon the deck quite free. You can imagine what alarm there was then.

What became of Pincher? I do not know, but everyone else bolted. The sailors ran up the rigging, the ladies screamed and scurried down the companion ladders, like so many rabbits popping into their holes. Everything was at a standstill, with the leopard left in possession of the deck.

For some time the creature had it all his own way, and prowled about enjoying his newly found liberty. But at last two of the ship's officers determined to catch him. They took a strong rope, and making a long noose at the end, crept along the deck until they reached the deck-house. There they hid themselves and waited. Then, as the animal drew near them, they threw the noose with such good aim that it went right over the leopard's head.

They did not mean to kill him, only to keep him out of mischief. But in their excitement they pulled too hard and they found he was dead. Only his beautiful skin ever reached England, but Pincher escaped all dangers. He lived for many a long year and was always fond of getting into scrapes.

A. M. GOODHART.



A JERSEY COW AND JERSEY MOSQUITOES.

Carl and Minna did not come home, and it was getting late, and who would milk the cow?

"I'll lead her in from the meadow, and hold her," said Myo.

"I'll milk her," said papa.

"And we'll look on," said mamma and Marie.

So Myo brought the cow into the yard and held her by the chain, and papa brought out the three-legged stool and the tin pail and began to milk; but the mosquitoes were so troublesome that Bossy kept switching her tail about to drive them away, and the tail bothered papa as much as the mosquitoes bothered the cow.

"You'll have to hold her tail," said papa to mamma.

"Oh, I can't," said mamma.

"Oh, yes, you can," said papa.

Mamma wore a very large apron, so she took it up in her hands and with it held the tail fast.

Little Marie felt sorry for poor Bossy and thought she would drive the mosquitoes away with her sun-bonnet; but Bossy did not understand, and thought she was being driven, and so away she started.

She kicked the pail of milk over on papa's shining boots, and off she went.

Myo held fast to the chain and mamma held fast to the tail, but Bossy was stronger than both of them, and pulled them along faster than they cared to go. At last mamma gave up trying to hold the cow back, and dropped the tail, while Myo and Bossy went on around the barn.

Papa still sat on the stool, spattered with milk and laughing as hard as he could. Mamma came back laughing so that the tears ran down her face.

"Oh, I shall die!" she gasped as she sank down on the wheelbarrow.

Little Marie looked very sober at these words, and crept close to poor mamma, and frowned at papa, who laughed so hard when mamma was going to die.

Just then Myo and Bossy came round the barn, Myo still bravely tugging at the chain; and now the milking was safely finished, but mamma and Marie let Bossy manage the mosquitoes herself.

MARY A. ALLEN.

MARJORIE'S SINGING.

When she is sleepy,
The little thing
Does her baby best
To sing.

The sound is between
A kitten's purr
And the little tree-frog's
Rainy chirr.

And yet half like
A bumble-bee
In the clover-top droning
Drowsily.

Rock her a little,
And she will keep
The music up
Till she's asleep.

C. D. B.

MY LITTLE TWIN DAUGHTERS.

I FELT divine;
The stars did shine
More soft and fair that blessed night,
When from the skies
My wondering eyes
Beheld those angels wing their flight.

And that is why
I love the sky,
And gaze upon the stars at night;
For by my side,
My love, my pride,
Those angels always seem in sight

Dear double nose,
And twenty toes,
And hands I count me up to four:
Each morn arise
Four starry eyes,
As four feet pat upon the floor.

And when I come
Each evening home,
Four little arms about me cling;
Two voices sweet
Dear papa greet,
While I feel richer than a king!

Now, little girls,
My precious pearls,
I love you more than words may tell;
Your winsome ways
In childhood days
Will always in fond memory dwell.

MY LITTLE TWIN DAUGHTERS.

And, lovely pearls,
When little girls
No longer sit ye on my knee,
May winsome ways
And gladsome days
Twin sisters your companions be.

PHILIP LINDSLEY.

SLUMBER LAND.

ROCK away, rock away, down in your pillows,
Swift flows the river so still and so deep;
Sail away, sail away, over the billows,
Bound for the beautiful haven of sleep.

Drift away, drift away, 'mong the green islands,
Lower the sail and away with the oar;
Sing away, sing away, birds in the highlands,
Answer the waves on the coral-strewn shore.

Dream away, dream away, dear little rover,
Fearless explorer, by land and by sea;
Float away, float away, all the world over,
Bring back some gems of the ocean to me.

List away, list away, fairies are singing,
Light are their feet as they trip o'er the sand.
Far away, far away, echoes are ringing,
Borne on the breeze of this mystical land.

SLUMBER LAND.

Haste away, haste away, gathering flowers,
Blooming at will in this wonderful clime;
Rest away, rest away, through the bright hours,
Knowing no sorrow, and heedless of time.

Sleep away, sleep away; visions the rarest
Visit my babe in their mystic array.
Roam away, roam away; flowers the fairest
Beckon my darling to linger and stray.

Hark away! hark away! seamews are calling,
Seeking their loved ones by inlet and cave.
Look away, look away, shadows are falling,
Folding their wings over woodland and wave.

CHARLES FREMONT GALE.

HOW BABY LEARNED TO WALK.

Baby Fay was eighteen months old. She did not walk or even stand alone. She seemed to think her little pink feet were two pretty playthings. She cooed over them and patted her cunning blue boots. She did not even try to use them.

"I am afraid her feet are too small," sighed grandma.

"Will she be a cripple, mamma?" asked sister Lou, sadly.

"Oh, no; she will walk when her limbs are strong enough," answered mamma, hopefully.

Old Rover, the house dog, came into the nursery.

He walked up to baby Fay, and looked into her face with his big

brown eyes. He seemed to say, "It is too bad this dear baby cannot walk. I will try to teach her."

He touched her soft cheek with his cold nose. Baby crowed and clutched his long hair with her fat fingers. She pulled herself up on to both tiny feet. How proud and pleased she was!

Then Rover gently took a step forward. Baby stepped too, clasping his neck with both little arms. Rover now took four steps, and baby toddled along beside him. Then Rover thought the baby must be tired. He laid down slowly so that she should not fall. After this Rover gave baby a walking-lesson every morning.

She soon learned to walk alone. Do you not think Rover was a kind, thoughtful dog?

MARION E. PICKERING.

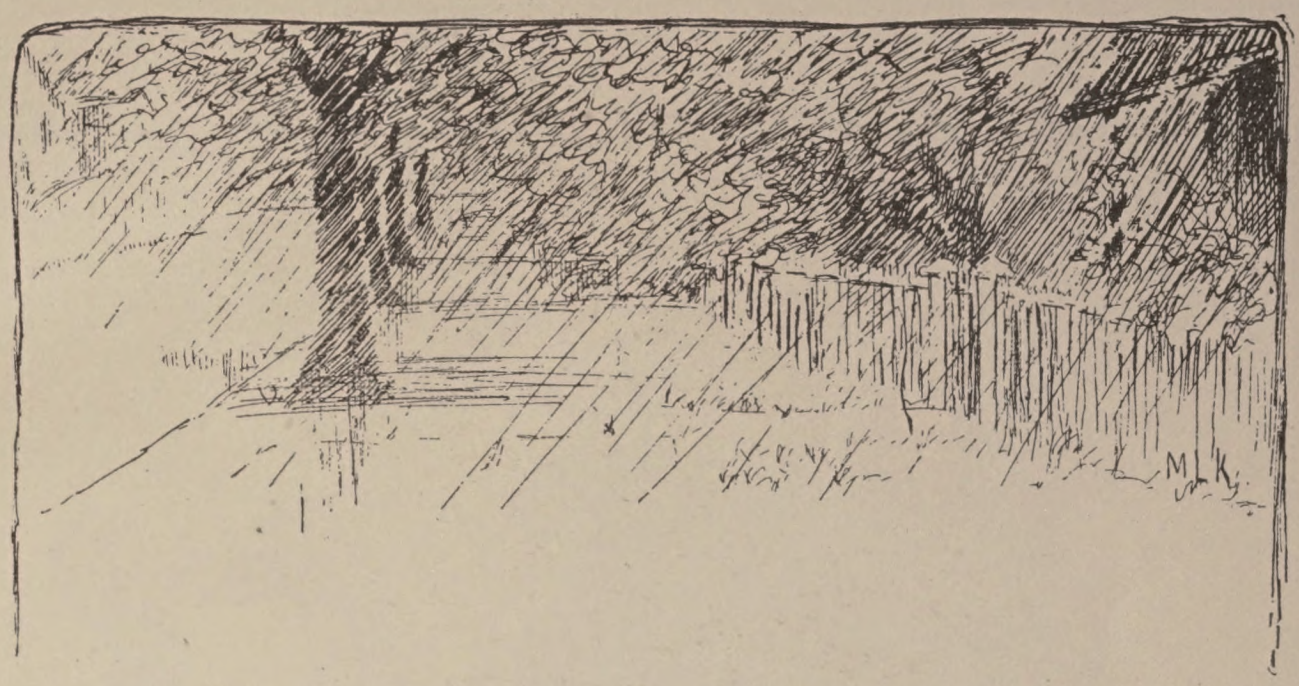
MAMMA'S CHRISTMAS SONG.

Come, my little one, come! Look on your Christmas-tree,
Gleaming so bright with the candle light,
Burning for brother and thee.
Flushed and fair in your linen and lace,
With an angel smile on your baby face!

Hush, my little one, hush! over the pure white snow,
Swinging, swinging, the bells are ringing
Music of long ago;
When the Christ-Child lay in a lonely place,
With the light of stars o'er his baby face.

Come, my little one, come! Warm from your cradled nest.
Your blue eyes wonder what joy lies under
The branches so daintily dressed.
Come hither, my king of winsome grace,
Heaven's gift is mine in your angel face!

HARRIETTE G. PENNELL.



WHERE JOHNNIE WENT.

"JOHNNIE!"

No answer.

"Johnn-i-e!"

Silence still.

"J-o-h-n-n-i-e!"

"W-h-a-t."

Mrs. Porter knew her little boy so well that when this tardy answer came so faintly she felt sure he was in mischief.

An hour before she had dressed Johnnie in his beautiful white dress and new kid shoes, to go shopping with her. Just as they were ready to start, a dashing shower came up. But the sun was now shining brightly again; so, after all, they could go.

But in the last few minutes Johnnie had disappeared. Where was he? His mother looked through the rooms, but her boy was not to be seen. Looking out the door she saw some little tracks, which she followed, and what do you think she saw?

At the rear of the house was a hole which Johnnie had dug, and called it his well. The hole was full of water from the shower; and in it — yes, in all the mud and water — was Johnnie, working as fast as he could.

"O Johnnie!" screamed his mother. "What a naughty, naughty boy you are!"

"Well, mamma," said Johnnie, "I was so afraid it would not rain again, and I wants a big well full of water."

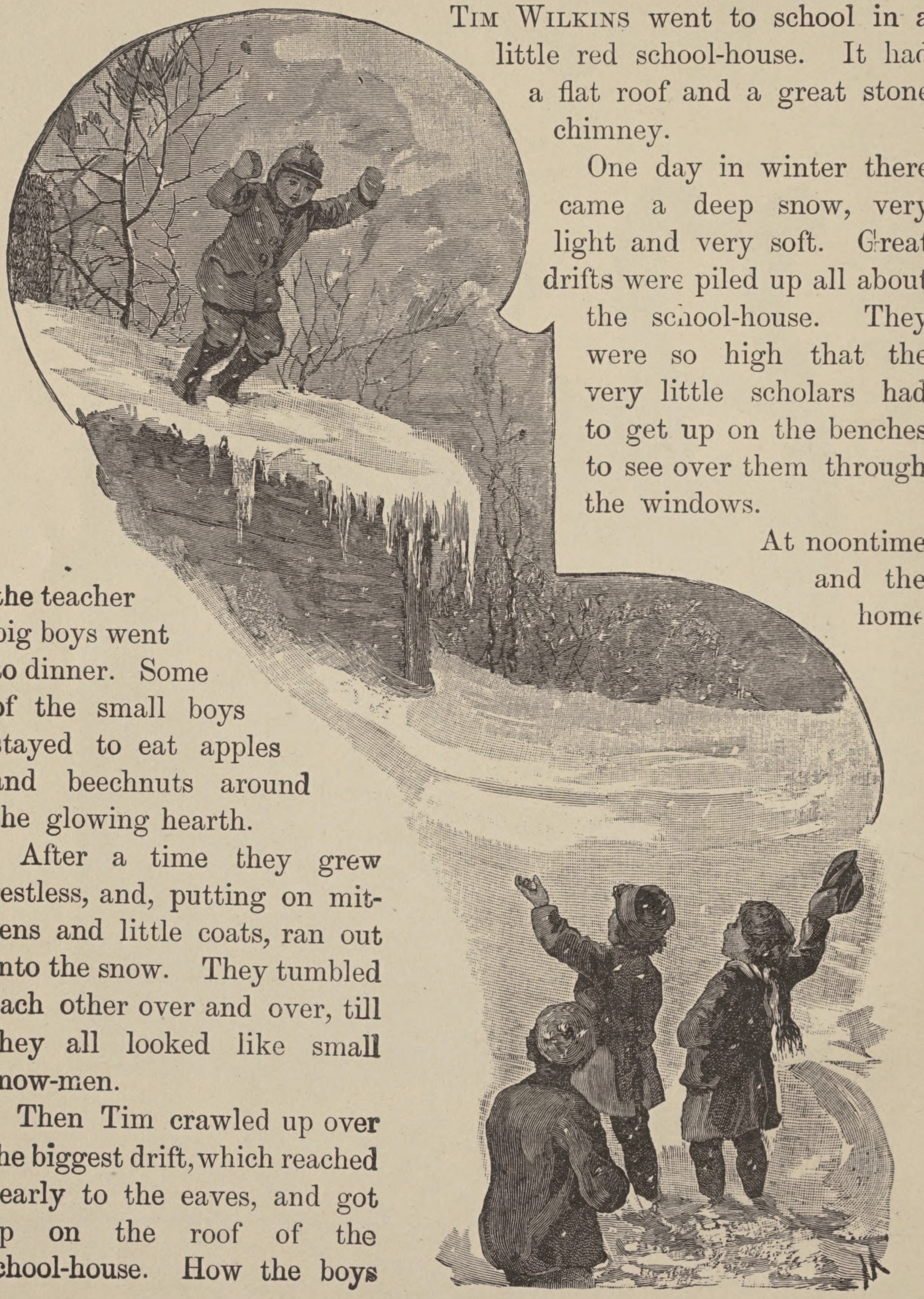
Johnnie did not go shopping with his mother that afternoon; but

there was one place to which he did go — into the little, dark closet under the stairway. And when his mother peeped in half an hour later he was fast asleep. The muddy dress, the ruined shoes, and the punishment were all forgotten.

NELLIE BURNS.

JOHN'S RIDE.

TIM'S JUMP.



Tim Wilkins went to school in a little red school-house. It had a flat roof and a great stone chimney.

One day in winter there came a deep snow, very light and very soft. Great drifts were piled up all about the school-house. They were so high that the very little scholars had to get up on the benches to see over them through the windows.

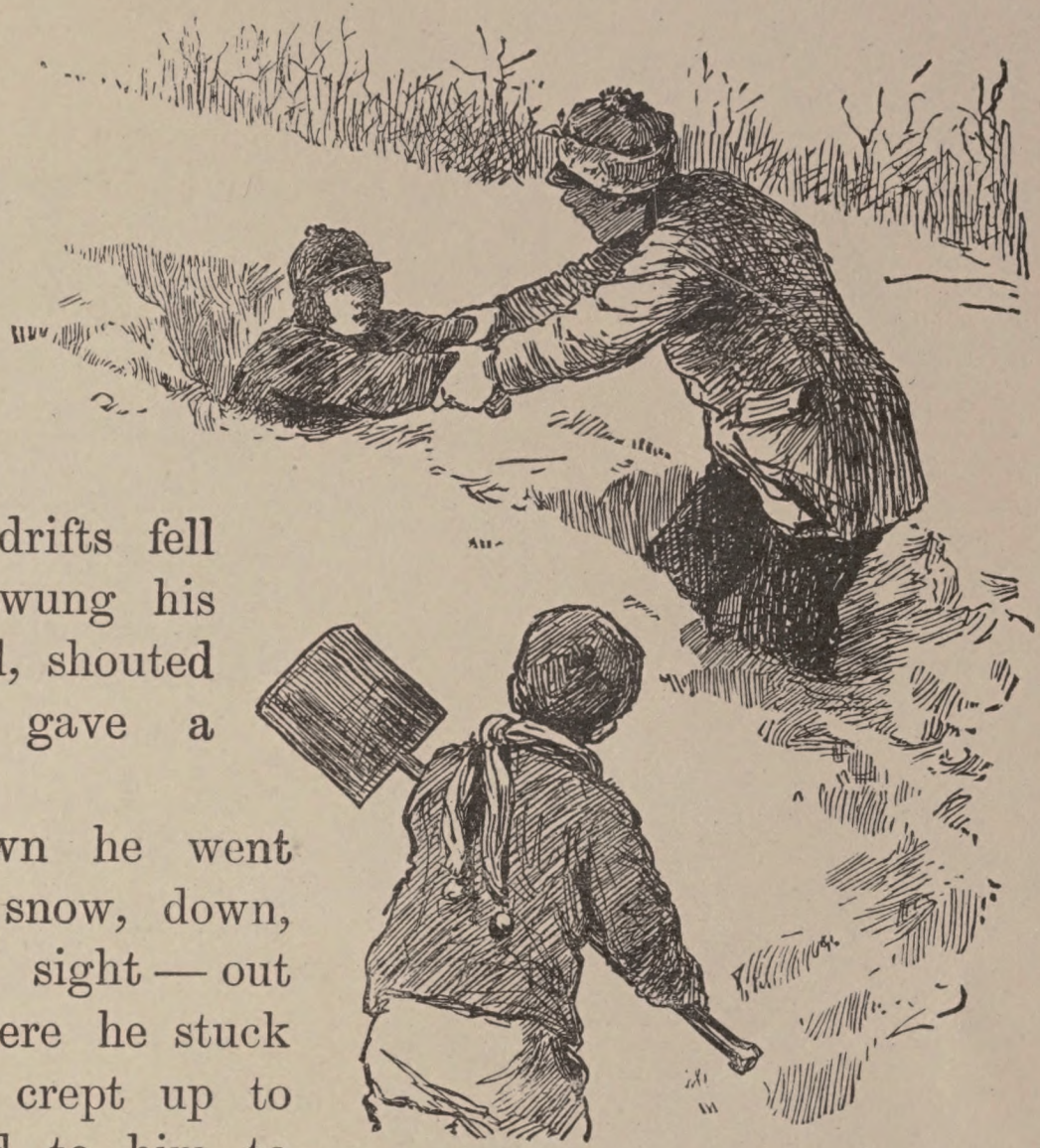
At noontime and the home the teacher big boys went to dinner. Some of the small boys stayed to eat apples and beechnuts around the glowing hearth.

After a time they grew restless, and, putting on mittens and little coats, ran out into the snow. They tumbled each other over and over, till they all looked like small snow-men.

Then Tim crawled up over the biggest drift, which reached nearly to the eaves, and got up on the roof of the school-house. How the boys

did cheer, wave their fur caps, and stamp at this act of bravery!

Tim wanted to show the other boys that it was nothing to what he dared do. Edging along to where the drifts fell off a few feet, he swung his arms around his head, shouted merrily, and then gave a plunge!



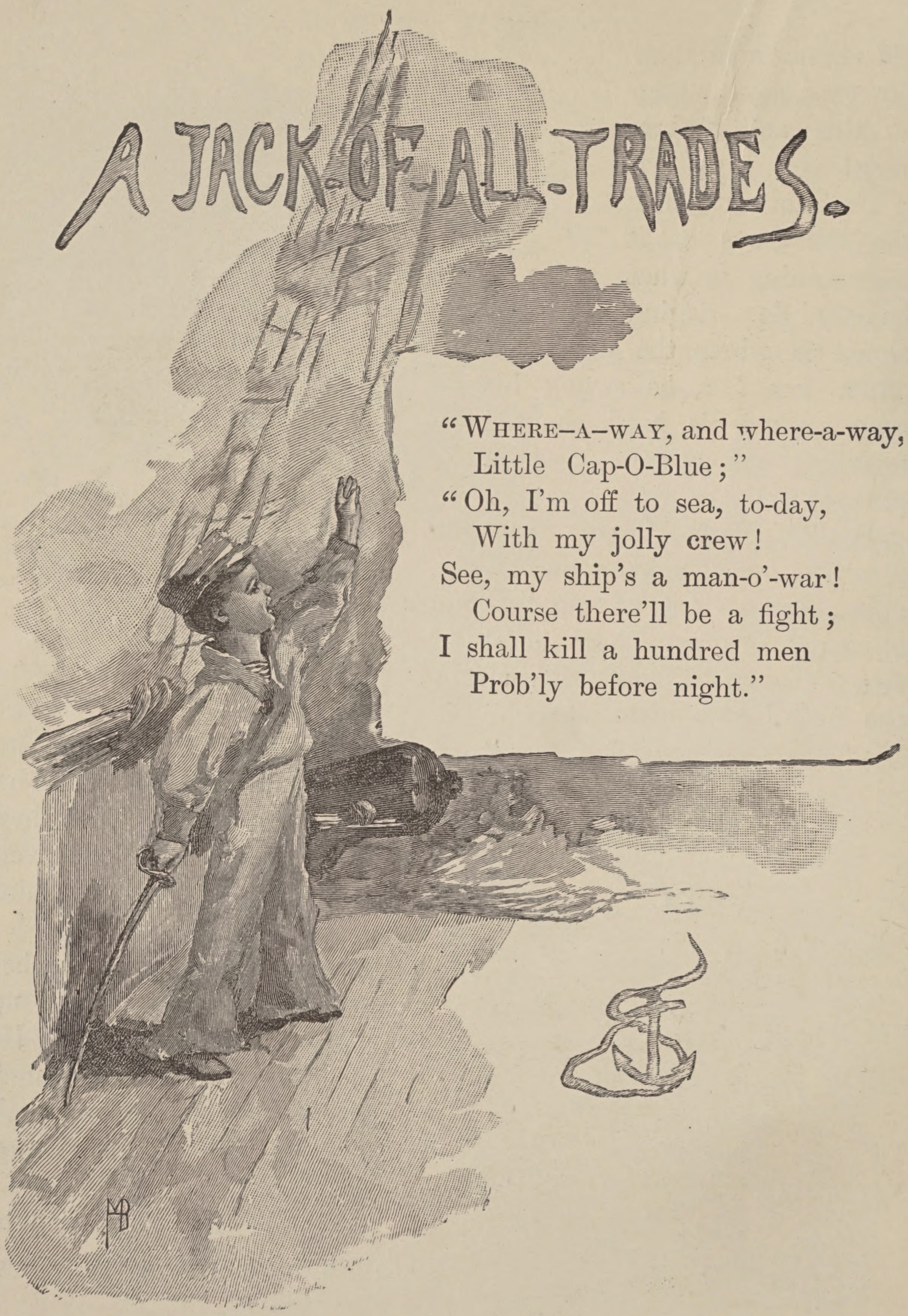
Foolish Tim! Down he went into the soft, light snow, down, down, down! out of sight — out of sound almost. There he stuck fast. The little boys crept up to the hole and shouted to him to climb out. But the more he tried to do so the deeper he sank in the snow. Then they got sticks and the fire-shovel, and tried in vain to dig him out.

But by and by the teacher came, and Tim was pulled up out of the snow-drift. He looked very cold and scared, and sat in the teacher's chair before the fire, where he soon fell asleep.

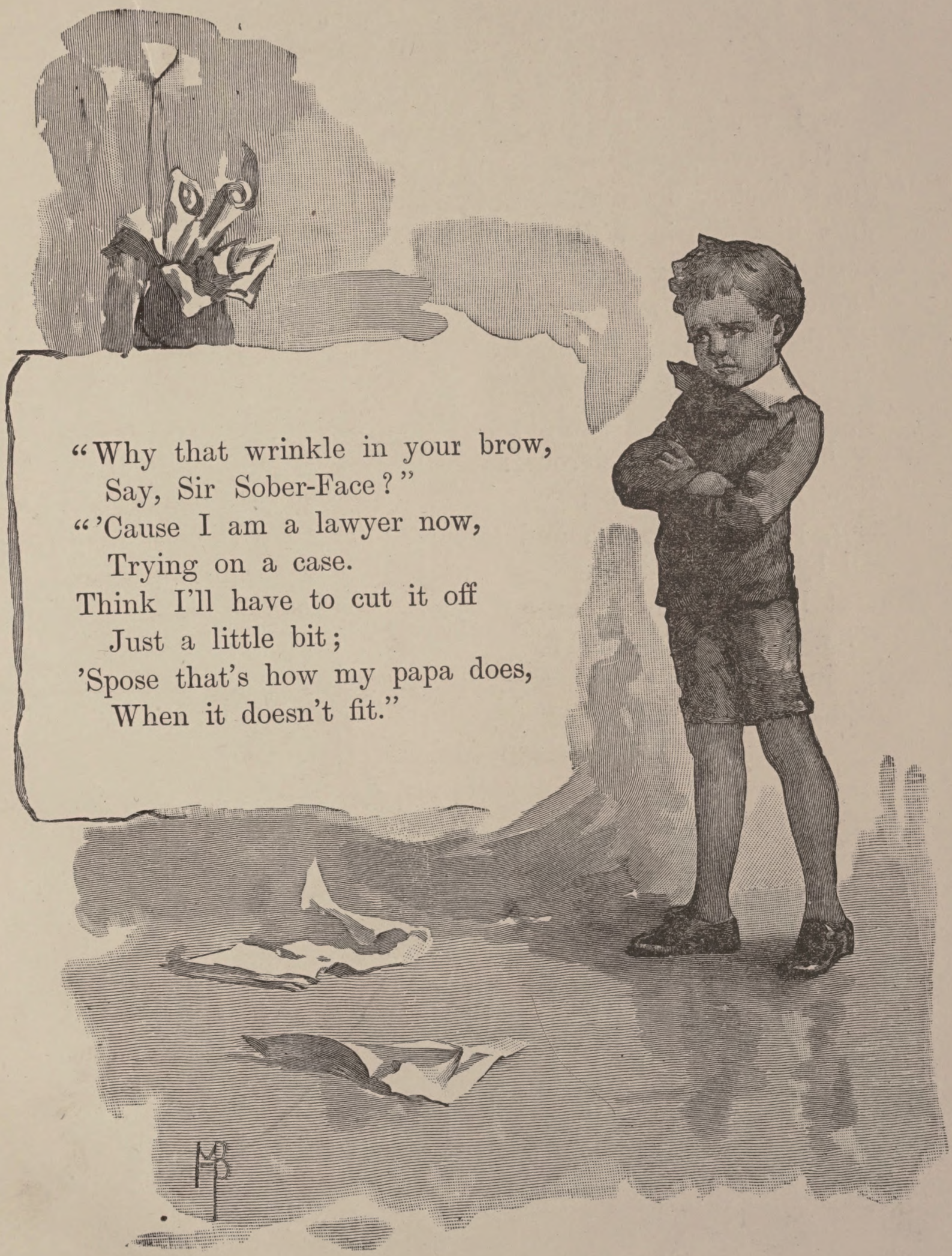
I think little Tim will be careful where he leaps hereafter. Don't you?

CHRISTINE STEPHENS.

A JACK-OF-ALL-TRADES.



"WHERE–A–WAY, and where-a-way,
Little Cap-O-Blue;"
"Oh, I'm off to sea, to-day,
With my jolly crew!
See, my ship's a man-o'-war!
Course there'll be a fight;
I shall kill a hundred men
Prob'ly before night."

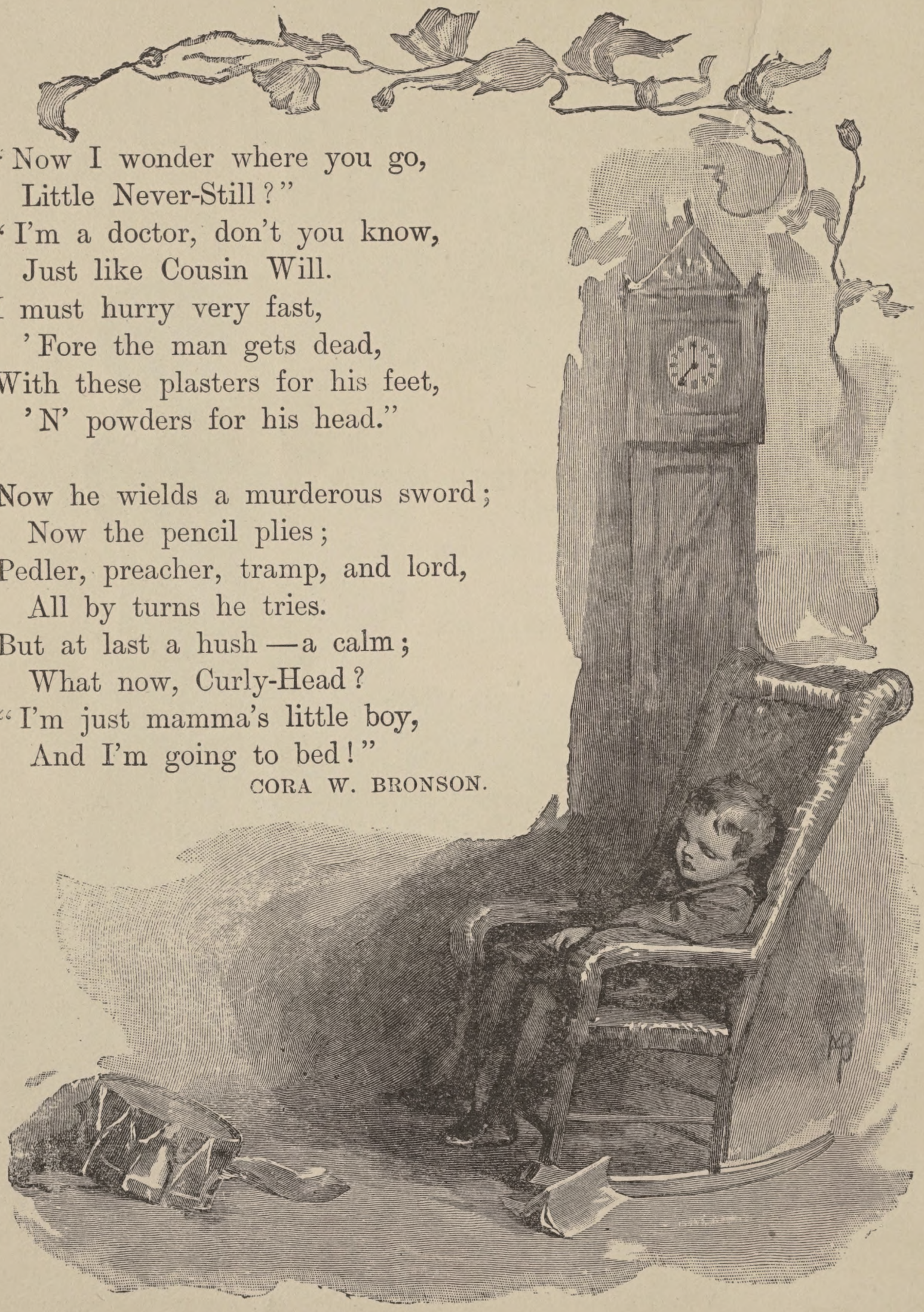


"Why that wrinkle in your brow,
Say, Sir Sober-Face?"
"'Cause I am a lawyer now,
Trying on a case.
Think I'll have to cut it off
Just a little bit;
'Spose that's how my papa does,
When it doesn't fit."

"Now I wonder where you go,
Little Never-Still?"
"I'm a doctor, don't you know,
Just like Cousin Will.
I must hurry very fast,
'Fore the man gets dead,
With these plasters for his feet,
'N' powders for his head."

Now he wields a murderous sword;
Now the pencil plies;
Pedler, preacher, tramp, and lord,
All by turns he tries.
But at last a hush — a calm;
What now, Curly-Head?
"I'm just mamma's little boy,
And I'm going to bed!"

CORA W. BRONSON.



The Ant's Milch Cows.

On many kinds of trees and plants there are little animals called aphides, that furnish the ants with all the milk they want. These little creatures throw out a kind of sweet fluid of which the ants are very fond.

If they are not generous enough with their milk they do not hold pails between their knees to get it, but stroke the tiny sugar tubes to make it come faster. That is the way they milk their cows.

They dispute with other ants about them, too, and watch them with the greatest care, for ants think a great deal of what they have to eat. There are honey ants in Mexico that eat so much they can't walk, and the rest of the community stand them up in rows by themselves. They feed them till they are so fat they can hardly breathe, and then they are eaten up by their affectionate brothers and sisters.

MRS. G. HALL.

TOMMY AND THE BUMBLE-BEE.

When the sun was rising and the dew was glistening,
And the waking flowers to the birds' song listening,
Little Tommy Troddles, down amidst the clover,
Saw a great, big bumble-bee buzzing by and over.
Said Tommy:
"If there is just one thing
That cannot work or sing,
And is only good to sting,
Why, a bumble-bee's the fellow!
In your coat of black and yellow,
You are very grand to see,
But I'd never, never be
A bumble-bee!"
Said Tommy.

Little Tommy Troddles, when the sun was setting,
All the chips and kindling had to be a getting;
Had to feed the chickens, had to pump some water,
Had to take some broth to a neighbor's poor, sick daughter.
Said Tommy:
"If there is just one thing
That has to take and bring,
And work like anything,
Why, a little boy's the fellow!
If I'd a coat of black and yellow
I'd be very grand to see,
I think I'd rather be
A bumble-bee!"
Said Tommy.

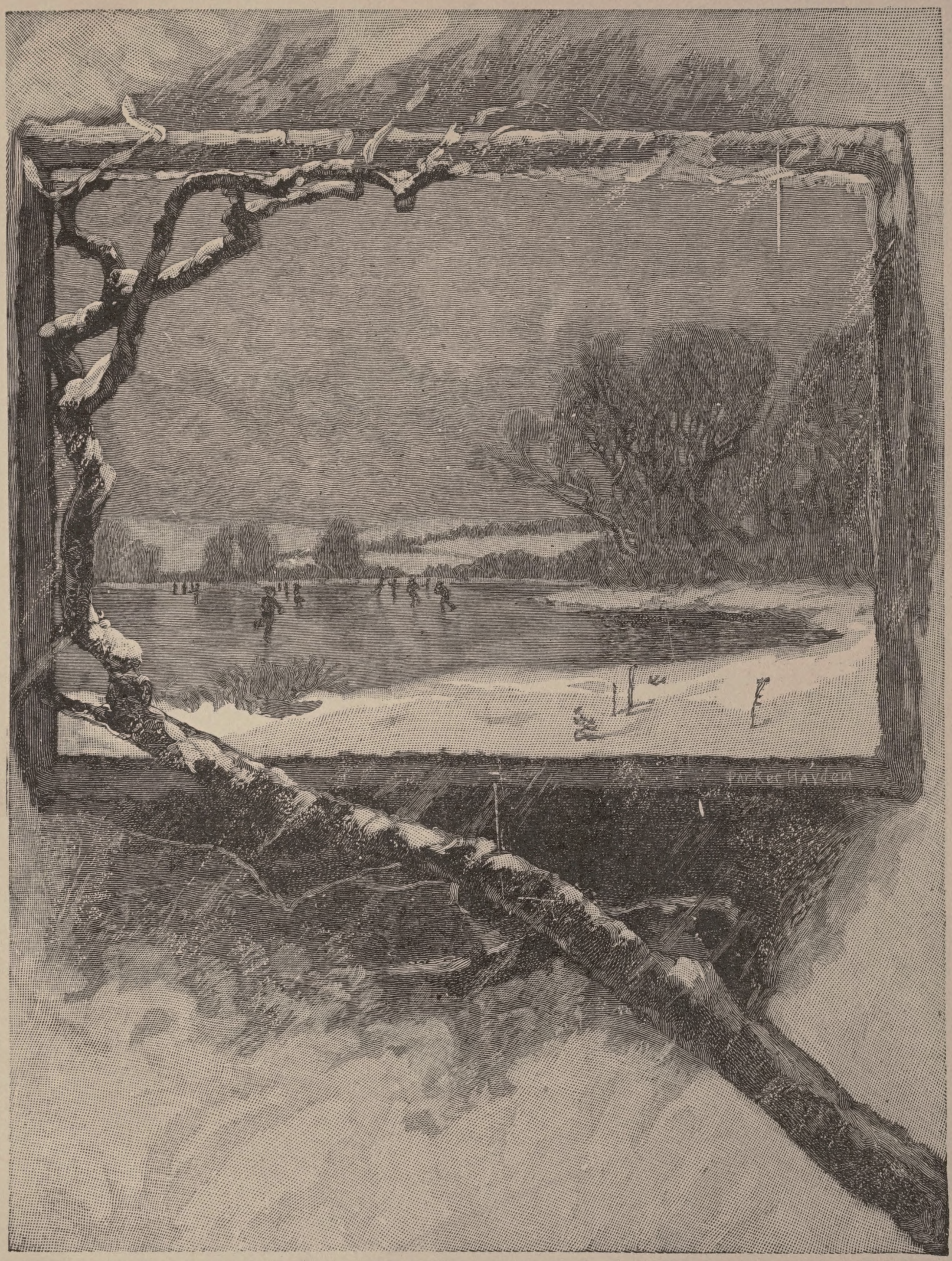
HORACE LONDON.

THE SKATERS.

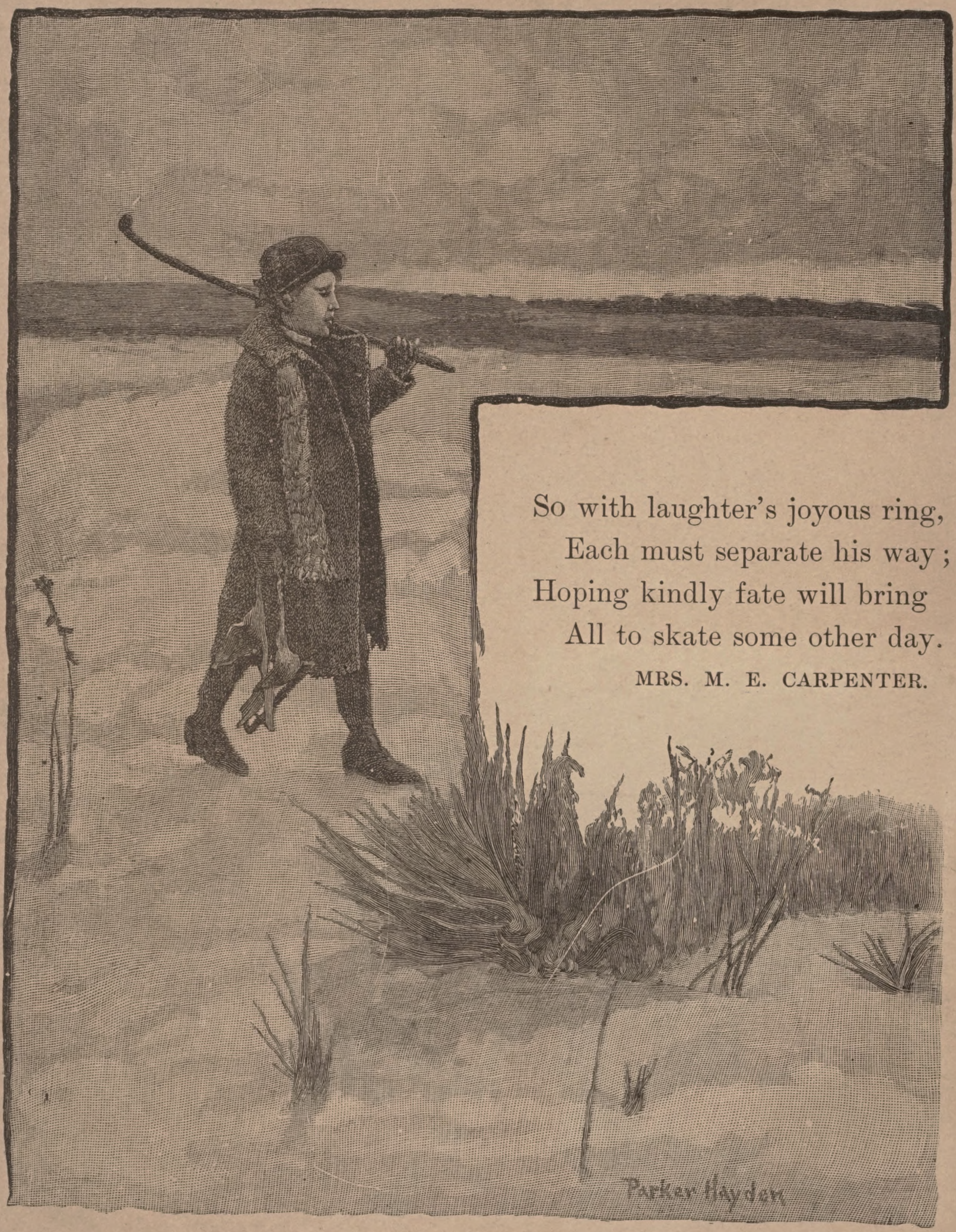
Out upon the icy pond
  Lads are skating to and fro;
Lassies too, brunette and blonde,
  Aided by some gallant beau,
Merry changes now are making,
  Many a graceful curve and throw,—
Fear and care alike forsaking
In this hour of healthful glow.

Snow is falling! What care they?
  Youthful blood is coursing fast;
Feet are nimble, hearts are gay;
  Like a zephyr seems the blast,
As it stirs the cheek with bloom;
  Sparkles bright the joyous eye,
While around their icy room
  Hand in hand they swiftly fly.

Thus upon the smooth, fine glass
  They will linger yet awhile,—
Now in couplets, now to pass
  Into independent file;
'Til at length home's bounteous fare,
  Stealing through their thoughts so sly,
Gives their appetites a prayer
  Which they fain would gratify.



THE SKATERS.



So with laughter's joyous ring,
Each must separate his way;
Hoping kindly fate will bring
All to skate some other day.

MRS. M. E. CARPENTER.

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